DOES CASTRO STILL RULE CUBA?

February 15, 1962 25¢

The Decline and Fall of Tammany Hall

THE REPORTER

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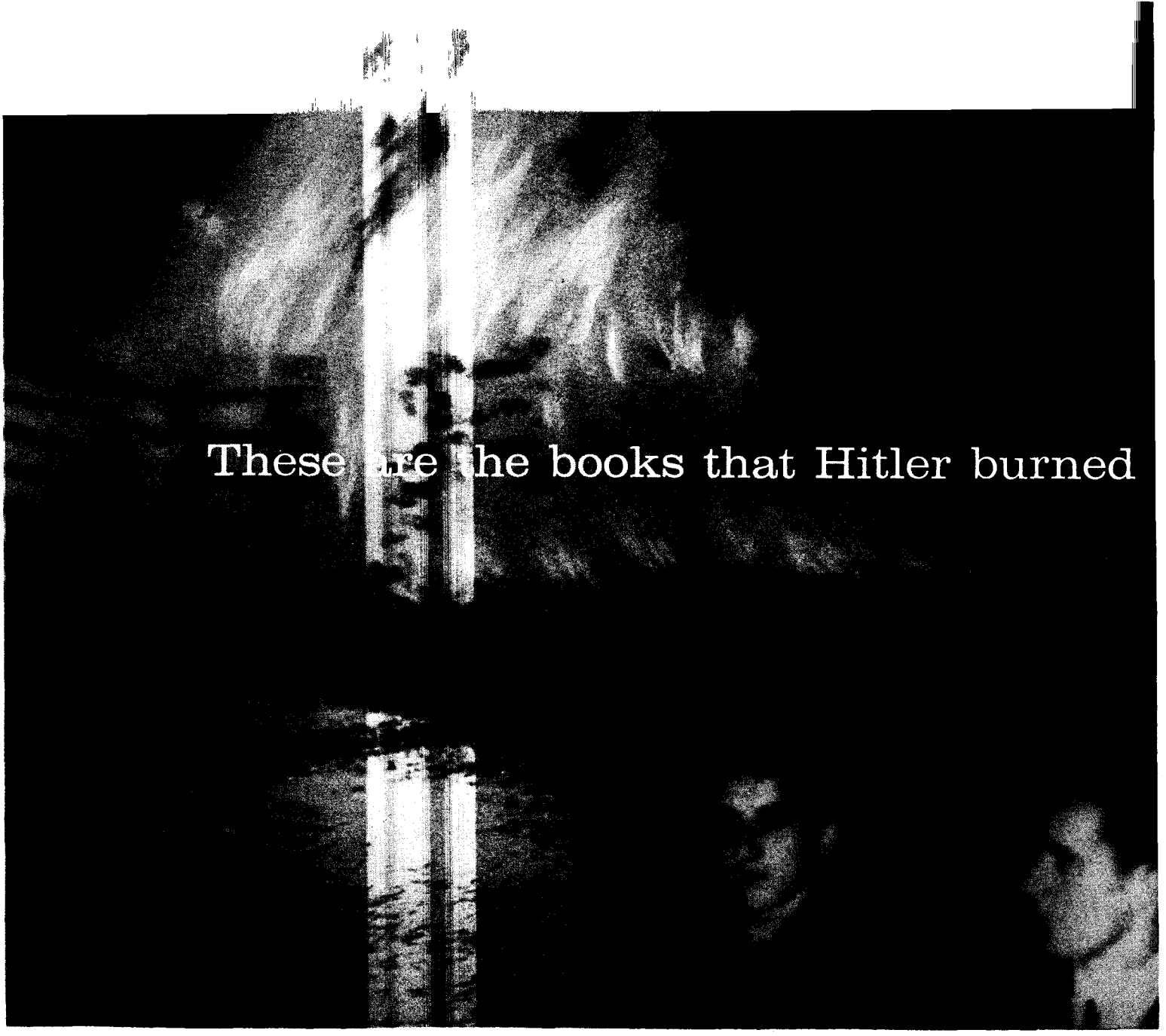

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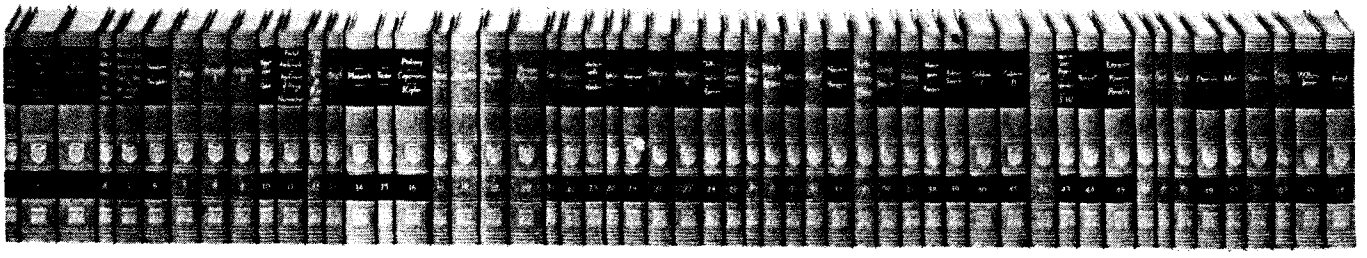

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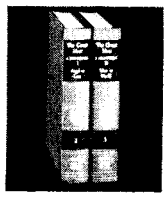

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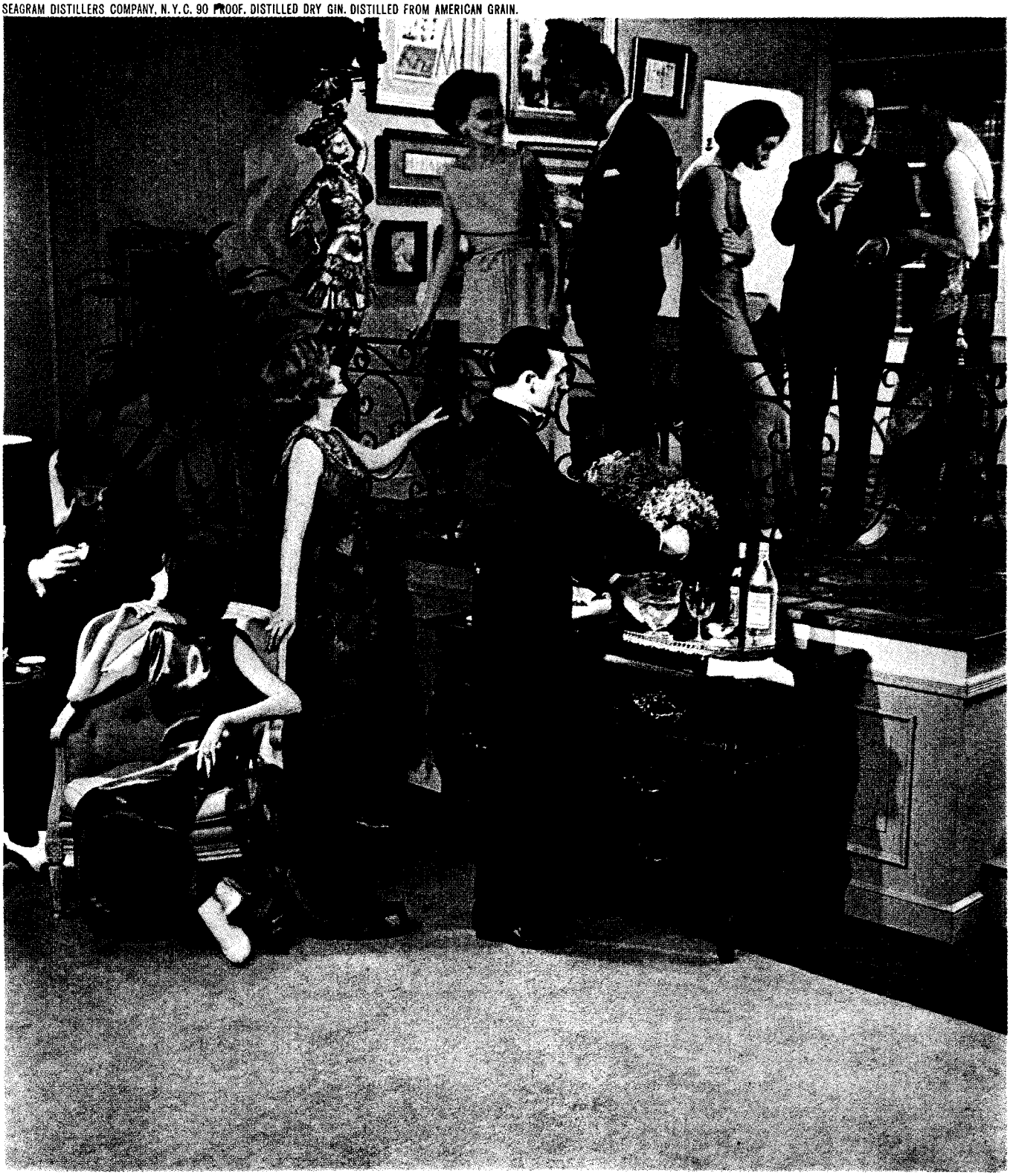

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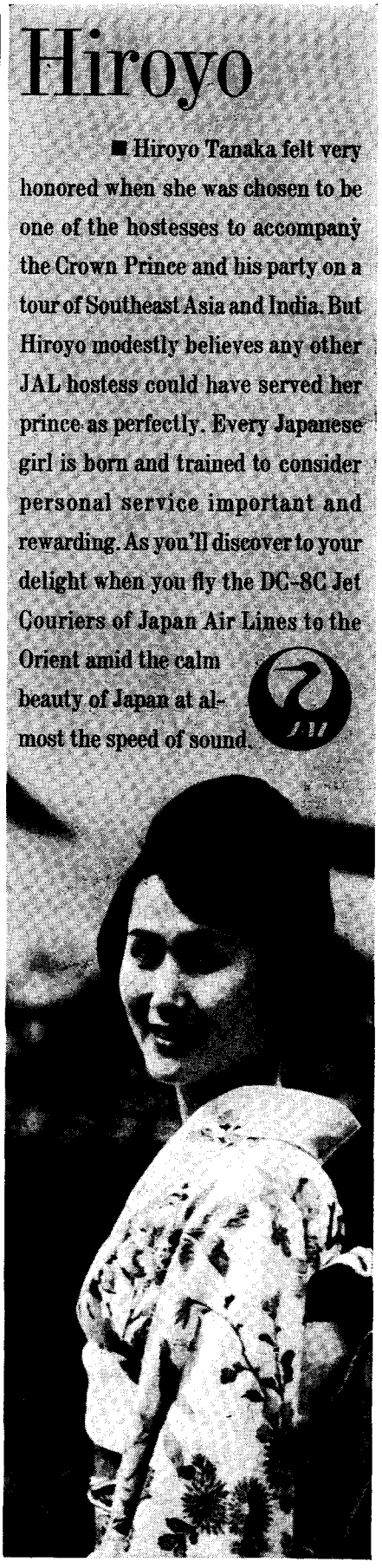
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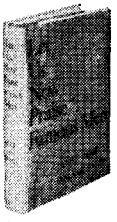

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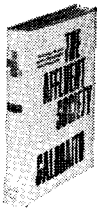

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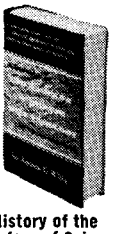

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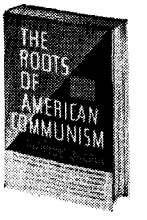

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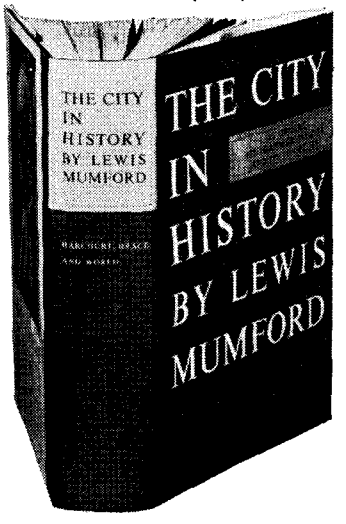

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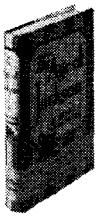

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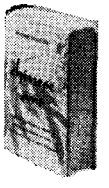

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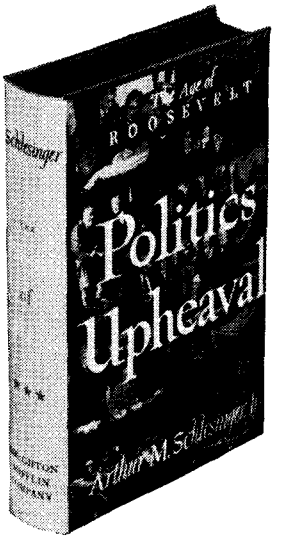

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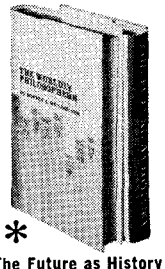

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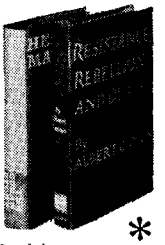

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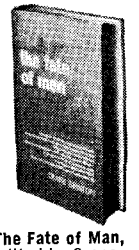

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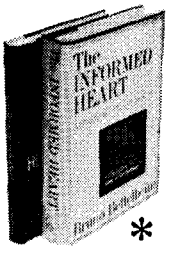

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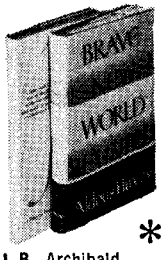

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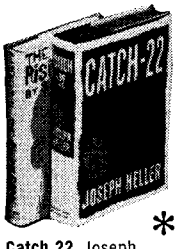

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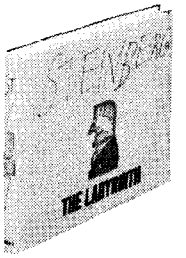

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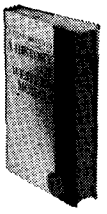

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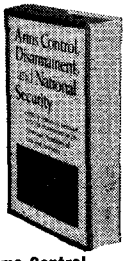

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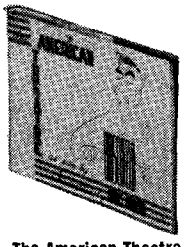

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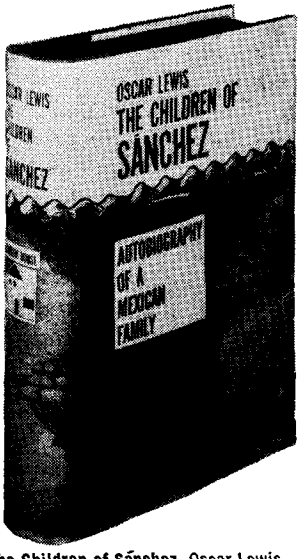

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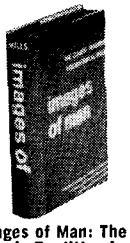

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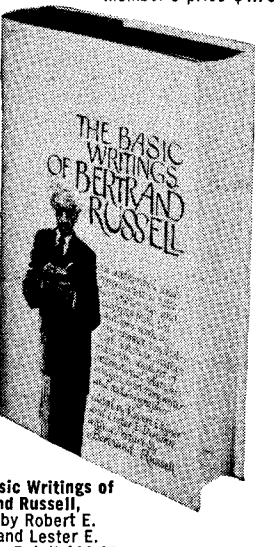

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Irish Derby: Richest horse race ever run in Europe. Curragh, Co.Kildare, June 30th.

The Rose Show: A lovely, calm exhibition of roses only. In Dublin's fair city. June.

Puck Fair: A wild puck mountain goat is crowned king of business, merriment and gypsies. Killorglin, Kerry. August.

5th Dublin Theatre Festival: International celebrities perform outstanding plays from Ireland and abroad. Sept.-Oct.

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

SECRETARY RUSK has described the subject of the recent meeting of the Organization of American States at Punta del Este, Uruguay, as "nothing less than an historical struggle over the principles on which our societies are based." President Kennedy has expressed his satisfaction that "The independent American states have declared with one voice that the concept of Marxism-Leninism is incompatible with the inter-American system . . ." Most of the headlines, however, were devoted to another declaration from Punta del Este that was definitely not made with one voice. "OAS VOTES TO BOOT CASTRO," gloated the foreign-policy experts who sum things up for the readers of New York's tabloid *Mirror*. It is, of course, much too early to estimate what benefits we may derive from the decision, approved by the narrowest of margins, to exclude Castro and his colleagues from polite society. But it is certainly not too early to take another look at the Cuban revolution. **Paul D. Bethel** reports that despite Castro's latter-day efforts to establish his own pedigree as a Marxist-Leninist, a well-organized group of old-line Communists has been working more and more openly to replace the cult of Fidelismo with "democratic centralism." Mr. Bethel served as press attaché in the U. S. embassy in Havana during the last throes of the Batista dictatorship and during the first year of the Castro régime. He later set up a U. S. Information Agency office in Miami.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS **Stuart Symington** has made to the nation's military strength include not only his distinguished service as Secretary of the Air Force but, perhaps more important, his tireless efforts as a responsible and informed critic in the U. S. Senate. Noting with approval that a number of steps have been taken to strengthen our missile forces since he first began to express his alarm on the subject, Senator Symington nonetheless makes it clear in this issue of *The Reporter* that he still has a number of disturbing questions to ask about the manner in which our military officials estimate Soviet missile strength. He argues that the so-called missile gap, whatever it may amount to, cannot be closed simply by changing our guesses. . . . **M. J. Rossant,** financial editor of *Business Week,* reports that certain European central banks have now come to have just about as much influence on the President's desire to balance the budget and check U. S. inflation as have some of the fiscal conservatives in our own Congress. . . . President Kennedy's decision not to issue an Executive order prohibiting racial discrimination in Federally aided housing has provoked an outcry from various civil-rights groups. **J. Anthony Lukas,** who is with the Baltimore *Sun,* analyzes some of the factors, especially the political ones, that now seem to have been transferred to the controversy over the creation of a cabinet Department of Urban Affairs and Housing. . . . The more successful New York politicians have recently found it useful to come out foursquare against "the image of bossism" as represented by Carmine G. De Sapio. But as **Meg Greenfield** demonstrates, it is doubtful that the man who rode the Tammany Tiger really was much of a boss—doubtful, indeed, that there ever will be another Tammany boss in the grand old style.

Michael Roemer is currently at work on a documentary film in Sicily. . . . **Marya Mannes** takes a thoughtful look at the training methods of Dr. Joyce Brothers, former prize-fight fancier and now confidential adviser to American womanhood. Miss Mannes's novel *Message from a Stranger* has been reissued in Collier paperback. . . . **Nat Hentoff** reviews the latest crop of jazz records. . . . **William Letwin** teaches economic history at M.I.T. and has recently published *A Documentary History of American Foreign Policy Since 1789. . . . Selected Poems of William Butler Yeats,* edited and with an introduction by **M. L. Rosenthal,** will soon be issued by Macmillan.

Our cover is by **Frederic Marvin.**

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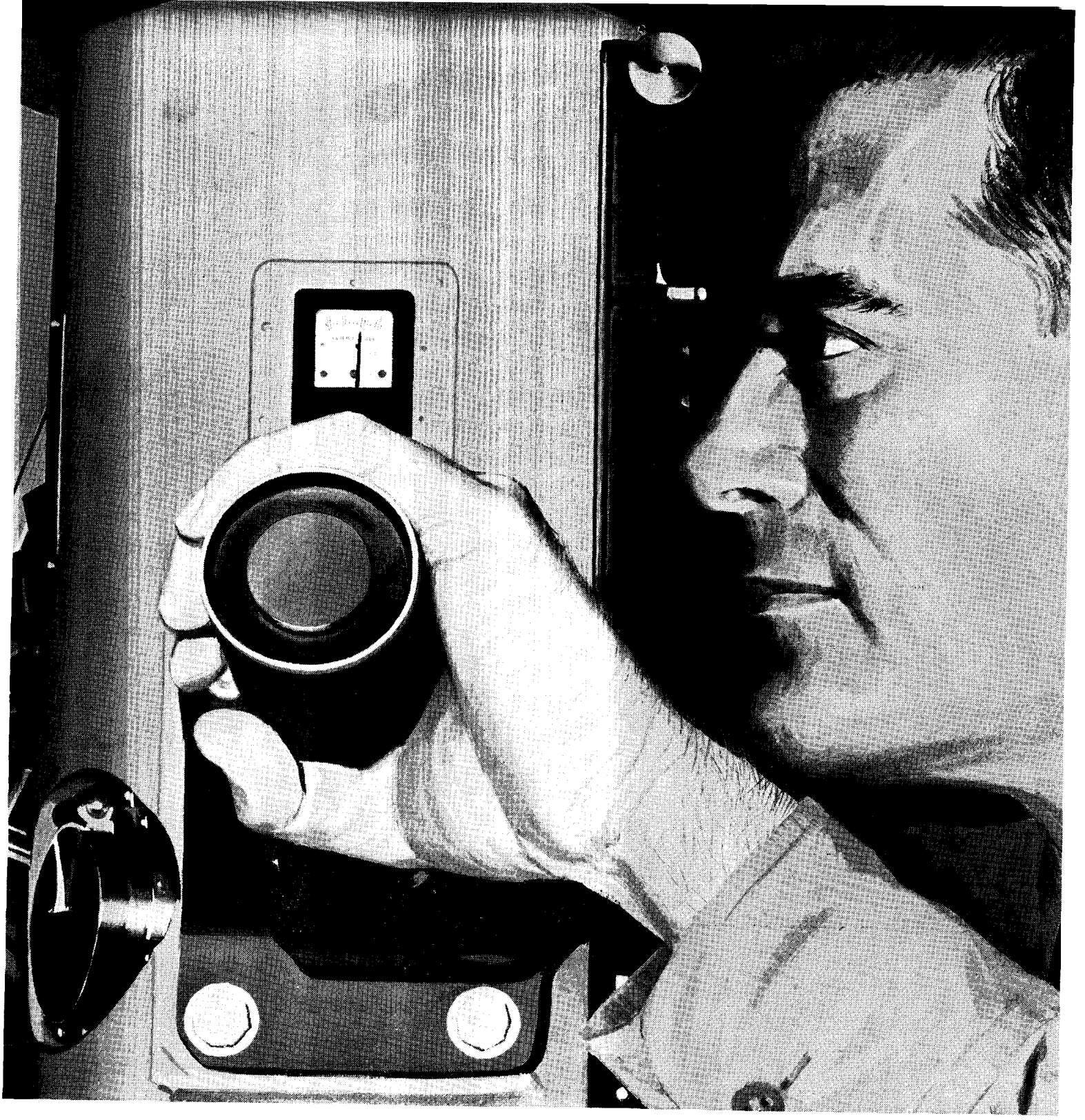

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COSTLY SAINTLINESS

To the Editor: Once more my congratulations on your editorial "Can We Be Less Than Saintly?" in the January 18 *Reporter*. Our administration does not think of us as a beleaguered citadel of freedom but as a kind of world-wide dispensary for all human ills. This is very noble and can lead us to ruin. For when the leader loses his compass, who will direct the followers? Our lodestar is, or should be, freedom—self-determination within reason. Those who agree are our partners; those who don't are our opponents—or enemies. And like all harassed societies, we have to put the chief enemies first and overlook or even co-operate with the others—as we did with Stalin against Hitler in the Second World War. Until our leaders understand this, they will flounder from costly saintliness—as you ably note in your editorial—to immoral coercion of our friends: Tshombe, Boun Oum, etc.

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER
New York

THE CLASSIC APPROACH

To the Editor: *The Reporter* has done it again! Many thanks for your timely article "Let's Save Latin from the Latin Department," by Richard Gummere, Jr. (*The Reporter*, January 18). You never cease to amaze me with your range of interests and your valuable articles. The classics have too long been buried in our educational systems, Greek as well as Latin. Generally, they are poorly taught and presented in a trivial way. They seem to attract many of the worst products of "educationalism" to teach them. Good authors are not begun soon enough, perhaps because of tradition and perhaps because the teachers do not understand them themselves. Grammar, not reading, is emphasized. An ode of Horace is turned into a grammatical nightmare or a textual problem.

FRED LABRUNERIE
St. Joseph, Missouri

To the Editor: Richard Gummere justifiably criticizes some of the stock reasons for studying Latin, but I think he has wandered to remote and esoteric reasons for its study. Greek and Latin literature, and the wonderful spirit of love for the life of the mind and body which they reflect, kindled the Humanists and provided the impetus for the Italian Renaissance. Mr. Gummere's implication that Latin is remote and magical but somehow unrelated to the present strikes me as intellectual legerdemain. As to his statement "All the classical authors can be read in fine English versions," let's recall Robert Frost's definition that poetry is that which is lost in translation.

JOSEPH S. VAN WHY
Loomis School
Windsor, Connecticut

To the Editor: As a spiritual descendant of Alcuin who tries to teach high-school Latin, I can give only partial assent to Mr. Gummere's traditional, romantic, soulful, magical approach. Real life is compounded of the menial and the magnificent. Perhaps there is more vision in the Latin departments than Mr. Gummere suggests. If the magic of the Latin tradition is to be more than the shadow of a dream, someone has to communicate it to young minds. The magnificent work of teaching is grubby and menial in practice. Unsupported by anything like the National Science Foundation, the nation's Latin departments labor on. The ones I know welcome constructive criticism. It seems to me an unclassical oversimplification to say that Latin needs to be saved from them.

DOM HILARY HAYDEN, O.S.B.,
Secretary
The Washington Classical Club
St. Anselm's Abbey
Washington, D.C.

Editori salutem dat Ricardus S. Arnold, alumnus Yalensis necnon Harvardianus: Omnis honor Ricardo Gummere! Sed utinam Praeses illustrissimus, Joannes Kennedy, Nathan Marsh Pusey diploma anglicare vetasset! (Diploma Yalense manet purum.) Quousque tandem, o Kennedy, abutere patientia nostra?

Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Richard M. Gummere's article was honestly delightful and delightfully honest. However, without intending to detract from Mr. Gummere's case for Latin because of its "traditional and romantic qualities," it seems to me that an even better case can be made for the regular inclusion of Hebrew in the curricula of high schools and colleges. Hebrew has almost all the qualities of Latin; and it offers much more of the "spiritual strength"

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #48

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Acrostician— JANET TRAVELL

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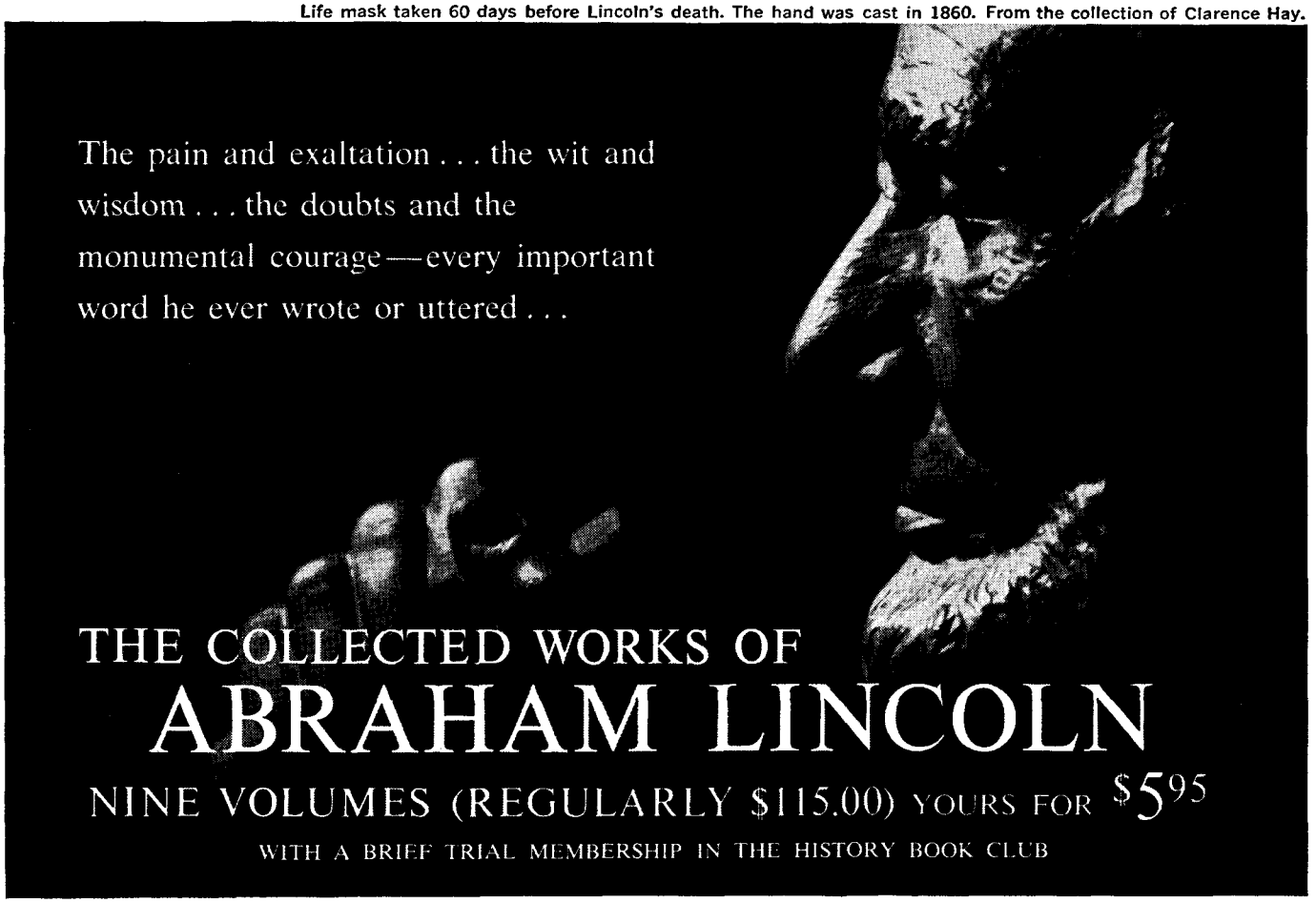
Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay.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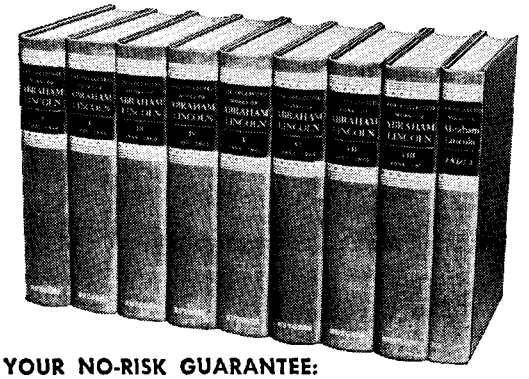

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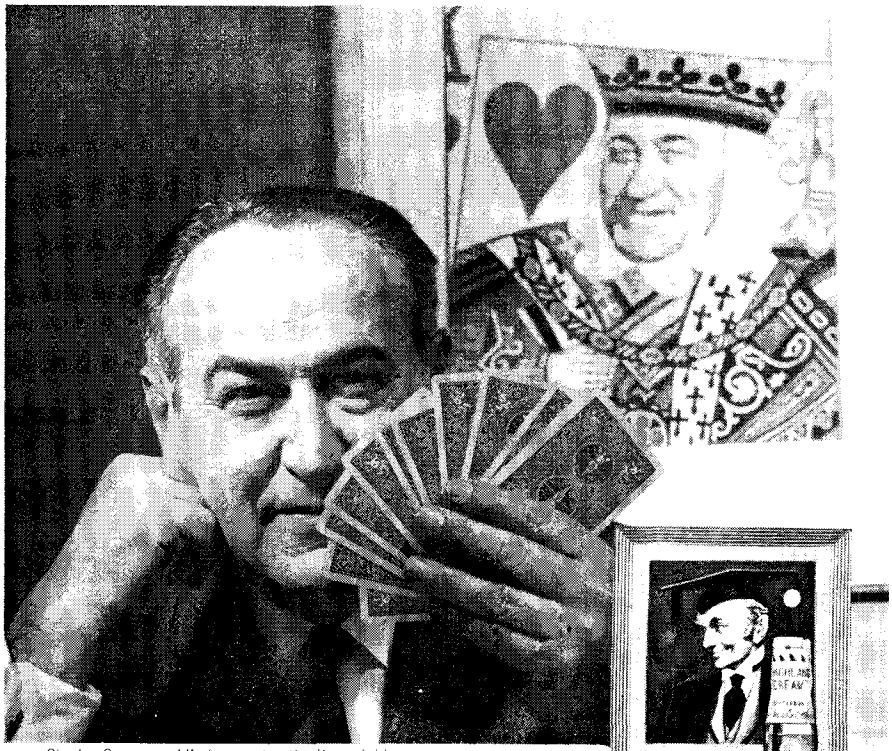

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needed today "amid bursting atoms, whirling satellites, exploding populations, and emerging nations." Of course, Hebrew has no linguistic ties with English (except for names and some Biblical concepts). On the other hand, it has cultural and moral associations with our western views and literature.

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RABBI NATHAN A. BARACK
Congregation Beth El
Sheboygan, Wisconsin

PLANNED PARENTHOOD

To the Editor: On reading "Why Bother the Courts?" (*The Reporter's* Notes, January 18), I believe some additional information is needed so that your readers will better understand the "hopeless situation" of the Connecticut legislature in connection with the birth-control laws.

The Connecticut legislature meets every two years. Since 1923, with the exception of the five years from 1935 to 1940, when there were nine planned parenthood centers operating in Connecticut, repeal bills, medical bills, and others have been presented to the legislature in every session. These bills, if they come out of committee, pass in the house but are always defeated in the senate. This is due to the large Catholic population in cities controlling the senate. These politicians have stated that it is the kiss of death to vote for a repeal or change in the birth-control laws.

In the 1961 session, two repeal bills failed to be reported out of the Joint House and Senate Public Health and Safety Committee and died as the legislature adjourned. The committee indicated that it was waiting for the Supreme Court decision! The chairman of this committee, Senator William F. Hickey, Jr., obviously wanted "out."

Mr. Joseph Cooney, attorney for the Archdiocese of Hartford, has stated that the stands of the Archbishop of Hartford and the Bishops of Bridgeport and Norwich "continue to be in opposition to repeal of these statutes." With a well-organized Catholic opposition apparently being told how to vote, it should be evident that the only way this issue will ever be settled is in the courts.

MRS. RICHARD W. GRISWOLD
Executive Director
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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Punta del Este

An almost Roman triumph has been accorded the returning U.S. delegates from the meeting of the Organization of American States in Punta del Este, Uruguay. Even before they reached Washington, President Kennedy was hailing their victories in the campaign against Cuba. Mr. Kennedy rushed out to the airport to congratulate his Secretary of State, and Mr. Rusk, somehow invigorated by the wearing marathon he had just been through, hurriedly met with the press and then took to the air waves to report directly to the people.

There is some reason to believe that all this fanfare has been designed to stimulate Congress to fork over the not inconsiderable sum of $3 billion as the next installment on the Alliance for Progress. It is an understandable urge. But although credit must certainly be given where credit is due in this difficult business of diplomacy, the obstinate fact cannot be overlooked that despite the best efforts of our very able Secretary, the dominant nations of Latin America were prepared to castigate Castro but refused to go along on the one resolution that had a cutting edge—the one to exclude Cuba from the OAS. And the reasons for their refusal cannot be dismissed as "technical" and "juridical."

Punta del Este, at first measure, was neither tragedy nor triumph. The United States did manage to get itself out of a box from which for a time there seemed to be no exit. In this respect, it was an escape somewhat akin to the other hairbreadth escapes around the world that the administration tends to classify as achievements.

But the meeting also raised a number of serious questions about future U.S. dealings in Latin America. It challenged some of the basic assumptions of the Alliance for Progress that badly need re-examination before the alliance gets much older. If Punta del Este has prodded our policymakers to take a look at these questions, which we plan to raise at greater length in our next issue, then it may indeed be considered a success.

The Farm Message

In spite of strontium 90, cholesterol, and the memory of Premier Mendès-France's fate in a similar fray, the President has initiated a "drink-more-milk" drive and as a start has ordered milk served at all White House meals. He may not be able to match brother Bob's consumption, reported by the New York *Times* at fifteen quarts a day for the family (the Attorney General downs a quart daily himself), or the Udall family's seventy-two quarts a week, or Secretary Freeman's half-dozen glasses of buttermilk, but he should not find it difficult to outpace the Ribicoffs, who put away only a measly two quarts per day. People who delight in such calculations tell us that the President and his cabinet plus their families probably require the full-time services of seven or eight dairy cows of average productivity, and that if this represented the milk-drinking habits of all of us, we would have no milk surplus.

But the Secretary of Agriculture clearly does not expect the American people to eat and drink away the problems of surplus and farm price support. This explains why the farm program that reached Congress in the President's message of January 31 contemplates a significant reduction in the nation's entire farm establishment: of the 470 million acres recorded as crop land we shall need no more than 420 million in 1980 in order to feed and clothe sixty-five million more Americans than we do today, as well as an increasing number of foreigners. To

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make this arithmetic come out, we need to increase the average yield of every remaining acre by roughly fifty per cent between now and 1980. This should not be as difficult as it seems, for in the last decade land productivity has risen about three per cent per year.

This year's farm message is of more than ordinary interest because of the blunt manner in which the consequences of our increasing skill in growing food are stated in terms of our reduced need for land and for people to cultivate it. In fact, we cannot recollect any previous administration—not even in Ezra Taft Benson's day—speaking out with equal candor. No matter what Congress does to the proposed program in the months to come, it seems to us that the farm debate can never again be quite the same. If we must permanently find some other uses for the fifty million acres Mr. Kennedy wants removed from production—if in other words, we have a structural unemployment problem for cropland—then perhaps the decades-old debate about price supports, acreage control, and marketing quota politics can now be directed to the more realistic and rewarding concerns discussed in the farm message.

There is, of course, the little trick of how one shrinks the nation's cropland, operated not by the government but by some 3.5 million farmers, without letting the method becloud the purpose. There is the even tougher problem of how one shrinks the population that now depends upon farming. But then farm policy has never been easy. What is encouraging in the administration's proposals is that a long-run perspective has been allowed to become the principal guide for year-to-year policy, and that this perspective seems to be thoroughly realistic.

The Welfare Message

Last year the city manager of Newburgh, New York, invited all those who doubted the urgency of Newburgh's welfare problems and the wisdom of his own solutions to come up the Hudson and look around for themselves. Among those who accepted Mr. Mitchell's invitation was a crew from the National Broadcasting Company, which televised its findings the other evening in an hour-long documentary called "The Battle of Newburgh." After hearing Mr. Mitchell speak and watching a young father weep because he had been denied welfare and could find no employment, viewers of the program dashed off letters and telegrams running about four to one against the city manager's plan. Mr. Mitchell thereupon dashed off a few telegrams himself. The program was "totally lacking in objectivity and scholarship," he wired a Congresswoman. The city was considering an action against NBC for "defaming the good name and credit standing of the city," he informed the press. To Chairman Newton Minow he and two other city officials sent a telegram demanding that the FCC subpoena all the tapes taken for the show and allow Newburgh officials to examine and question under oath "all those individuals associated in preparing and presenting this telecast." NBC's documentary was apparently not what Mr. Mitchell had in mind when he issued his generous invitation last summer. Such are the hazards of hospitality.

As life gets more dismal for Mr. Mitchell, it has a way of getting better for those who disagree with his welfare program. The bad news for Newburgh last week was matched by signs of hope elsewhere—notably in President Kennedy's welfare message, which was incorporated into a bill introduced by Congressman Wilbur Mills. The administration's logical and badly needed proposals would finally give some practical meaning to prevention and rehabilitation—two words which everyone favors almost as much as motherhood and self-government but which play a negligible part in welfare law as it is presently written. To alleviate poverty "that persists in the midst of abundance," the Federal government would offer financial incentives to the states for rehabilitation programs and job training projects. It would also offer incentives to work to welfare recipients themselves. Unlike the Newburgh scheme, the administration program would finally eliminate much of the waste resulting from our outmoded welfare laws.

The Department of Health, Education and Welfare has for the past several months been conducting a campaign to explain its new welfare policies to government officials in the individual states, and although it is too early to predict Congress's reaction to the President's bill, a violent battle is not anticipated for the moment. What with one thing and another, we wonder if those proverbial winds of change are now blowing. In an interview on the society page of the Washington *Post* not long ago, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a well-known Senator revealed that her goal was a career in welfare work. "I've always been interested in helping people," she said, "and two years ago I decided to help in child psychiatry and social welfare." Her name, we are happy to report, is Margaret Ann Goldwater.

STOCK PILE

What trireme in Phoenician waters bore
A cargo lovelier on the tongue? "Beryllium,
Agar, asbestos, opium," should be sung
To the purling of oars. Molybdenum,
Nickel and quinine, talc, feathers and down—
The smooth and bitter, powdery and bright,
The viscous—castor oil, the sapphire—hard
And brilliant as the diamond dies.
And here the lovely queens with streaming hair:
Vanadium, Zirconium—of where?
No matter; words are worlds. Agar, beryllium,
Sapphire, feathers and down—too lovely for
The ugly hoard of war.

—SEC

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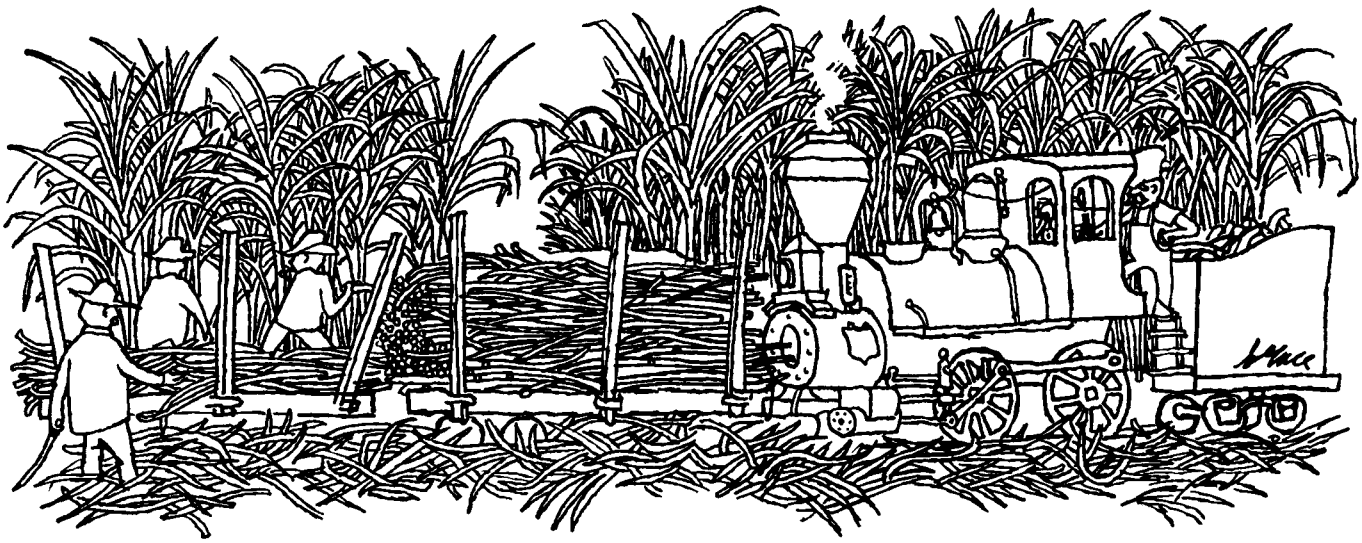

Does Castro Still Rule Cuba?

PAUL D. BETHEL

One evening last December, Fidel Castro was discreetly but pointedly criticized over Cuba's television and radio networks—and nothing happened to the critic. Only a Communist could venture such heresy and get away with it in Cuba today. The speaker was Blas Roca, secretary-general of the Cuban Communist Party (Partido Socialista Popular, or PSP), and secretary-general, too, of the Integrated Revolutionary Organizations (ORI), the new instrument of Communist power in Cuba.

Ostensibly reporting on the Twenty-second Communist Party Congress in Moscow, Blas Roca made his main point in two sentences: "Stalin's cult of personality created a situation which in great measure impeded the role of collective leadership of the affairs of state, and we must prevent its consequences [in Cuba] . . . Compañero Fidel understands better the tremendous role of internal democracy and collective leadership of the revolutionary party." The words were clearly to be interpreted not as "Fidel understands better" but as "Fidel had *better* understand" that henceforth his power must be shared.

The authority that emboldened Roca to make such a reference to the fanatical cult of Fidelismo did not come from his job as chief of the island's Communists—for the Communist Party is not large and Communism has never been popular with the Cuban people—but his new role as head of the powerful ORI, which came into being last year after nearly three years of painstaking Communist maneuvers. Almost from the first days of 1959, Communist cadres, under the militant protection of the revolutionary government, exercised a considerable amount of control over youth, labor, agriculture, and women's groups as well as over the scores of national, local, and neighborhood associations that were created after the revolution. But until the formation of ORI there was no single broadly based political organization to consolidate the revolution.

Castro never encouraged the leaders of his original 26th of July Movement to make it the official party of the revolution, and these men for the most part have abandoned Castro—many as exiles. The forlorn movement itself was allowed to expire quietly last December. ORI was set up last year to fill this political vacuum and to satisfy the need for a strongly organized political instrument to support the Havana régime. It embraces such groups as the Young Rebels, the Union of Pioneers, the Federation of Cuban Women, and the nefarious Committees for the Defense of the Revolution, which are nothing but neighborhood packs of informers. Practically every quasi-political association, almost entirely non-Communist as far as the mass of membership is concerned, is now affiliated with ORI and is run by Communist section leaders under the general direction of Blas Roca. In this way, and under the name of ORI, the Communists have gained control of Cuban life at every level.

The Men Behind the Throne

Having thus consolidated their control over nearly all phases of Cuban political life, the Communist leaders have organized themselves as a government within the government.

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Each of the major Cuban government agencies and ministries has its counterpart in ORI, with old-line Cuban Communist functionaries standing behind government officials. Blas Roca, the "prime minister" of the group, is a wily politician who made a deal with Batista in 1938 to legalize the Communist Party in Cuba and to hand the first cabinet post for a Communist in the Western Hemisphere to Juan Marinello, who on January 10, incidentally, was named rector of Havana University. Last October Blas Roca preceded Cuban President Osvaldo Dorticós to Moscow, where he was closeted with Khrushchev—a courtesy not extended to Dorticós, who saw Khrushchev only at a group meeting. Although not a member of the government, Roca negotiated barter agreements of sugar with representatives of Communist nations for the period 1962-1965. This exchange will bring in less than half the income earned when Cuba sold to the United States at premium prices.

ORI's economic planner is another old-line Communist, Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, who was President Dorticós's principal adviser at the foreign ministers' conference in Punta del Este last month. A professor at Havana University, where he is a member of the controlling group, he has been editor of the Communist newspaper *Hoy* for the past two years. From his vantage point in ORI he has had a decisive role in directing Cuban economic policy.

The organization secretary of ORI is Aníbal Escalante, a skilled dialectician who was editor of *Hoy* from 1938 to 1947 and who reopened the paper in January, 1959.

Another interesting member of the ORI directorate is Secretary of Discipline Fabio Grobart, a rather mysterious Eastern European who functions as direct contact with the Soviets. Like Blas Roca, Grobart has been considered a Stalinist. This short, fat functionary was sent to Cuba in 1933 to purge the Communist Party when it failed to take advantage of the downfall of President Gerardo Machado to gain control of the country. For two decades Grobart maintained a small tailor shop in Havana as a cover for his activities. He is reputed to be highly respected by lesser party members because he has generally been in a position to go directly to Moscow over the heads of local leaders. After Batista's military coup of 1952, Grobart left the island and circulated between the countries of the Caribbean and the Soviet bloc. He returned to Cuba in the early days of 1959 and today is considered one of the most powerful and ominous Communist figures in Latin America.

There are three other major figures in the Communist "cabinet"—Lázaro Peña, head of ORI's labor section; Severo Aguirre, secretary of agrarian reform; and Leonel Soto, who is in charge of education and indoctrination.

These seven men formulate major policy for the Castro government, chart the ideological direction of the revolution, and ensure that ORI decisions are carried out right down to the grass-roots level.

Oratory Was Not Enough

The consolidation of Communist power through ORI was carried out at a time when the Communist leaders in Cuba were becoming increasingly anxious about public discontent. The economy had gone from bad to worse. Popular support had slackened, and last September public demonstrations broke out in Havana, Regla, Santa Clara, and several other cities. Reprisals from Castro's vast militia machine did not entirely smother this resistance.

Shortages in virtually every segment of the economy—food in particular—increased the discontent, which was met only with more repression.

Though the urban workers are easier to control than the more independent farm workers, their despair is deep. They have been forced to join the militia organization. In the atmosphere of war psychosis that has gripped the country for the past year, workers are required to stand guard by night and to work by day. They are constantly harassed by the government to "volunteer" their services for this and that activity. The response to these pressures has been absenteeism. In November, Minister of Public Health José Machado Ventura all but forbade doctors to issue certificates that would excuse laborers from work.

Castro tried to deal with all forms of resistance by oratory, slogans, threats, and mass arrests. It was clear, however, that as the Cuban economy became unproductively tied to the Soviet bloc through barter arrangements, a great deal more than Castro's oratory would be required to keep the people in line. The Communist leaders, however, saw in all this an opportunity, and ORI was created to exercise control over both the disorganized government and its restive citizens. By early October, Aníbal Escalante was able to announce the existence of more than a hundred municipal groups in the ORI, whose role was henceforth to be that of "the vanguard of the Revolution."

THE CURRENT literacy campaign demonstrates how ORI translates Communist doctrine into Cuban government policy. Over the past two years, Blas Roca and Escalante have been saying that the revolution moved so fast that it was impossible for the party to provide an adequate ideological base. ORI was instructed to do something about this: the key words were indoctrination and control. In September, Leonel Soto, ORI education chief, urged that the schools instruct children in the philosophy of "Carlos Marx." The ministry of education was galvanized into action and carried out Soto's suggestions. Teen-age instructors have been dispatched to the countryside to "eradicate illiteracy." Two examples from the textbooks show what kind of education they are providing: Latin Americanism is defined as a "policy that follows the revolutionary government of Cuba to unite all the Latin-American countries against imperialism," while the Organization of American States is called "an organism composed of the countries of America, utilized by Yankee imperialism to impose its policy on those Latin-American

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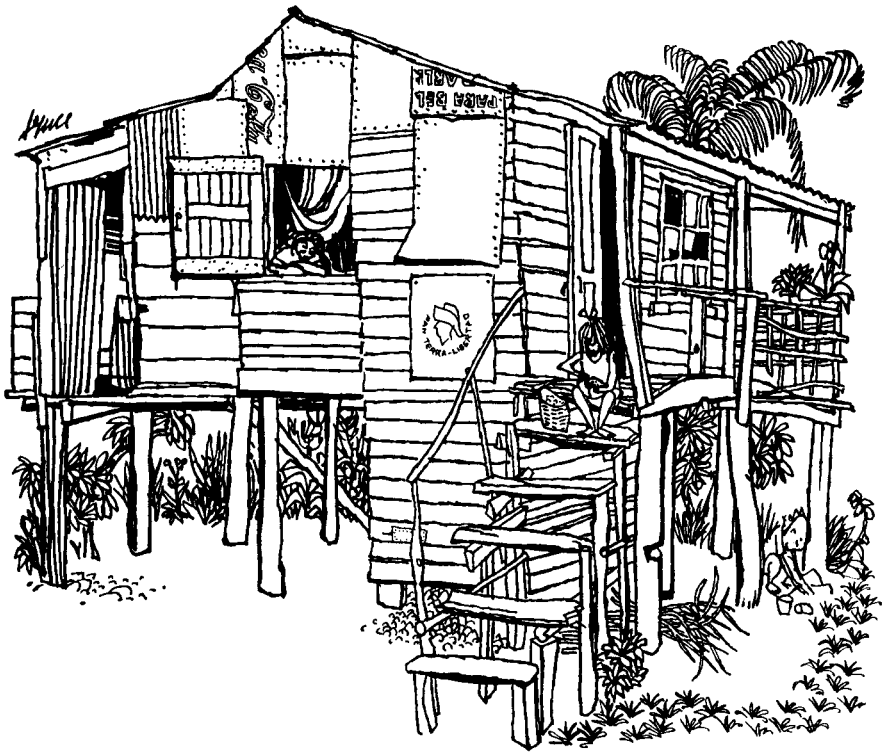
countries." Thus, literacy equals indoctrination.

The Communists took over the Cuban Confederation of Labor (CTC) in November simply by transferring Lázaro Peña from his position as head of ORI's labor section to the post of secretary-general of the CTC. In his first speech at a CTC meeting, Peña announced triumphantly that the government was now in the hands of armed workers—the militia. He drove home the theme that the workers had emerged as the principal force in the country, with arms to back up their decisions.

But in Cuba the Leninist concept of the solidarity of soldier, worker, and peasant pointedly excludes the peasant. The first two elements are amalgamated as militia-workers; the *campesino,* or peasant, having been hailed for years as the principal support for and beneficiary of the revolution, now appears in the role of an enemy.



Chains for the Campesino

A revolution whose original leaders never neglected to emphasize the magic words "agrarian reform," which both appealed to the liberal and befuddled the conservative, has left the *campesino* stranded in state collectives working for state-imposed wages. The land on which he expected to be able to grow a variety of crops, both for his own needs and for sale, is still producing little but sugar, and Cuba is more dependent than ever on a one-crop economy.

Sabotage has reached serious proportions, and guerrilla fighting in the hills is more and more troublesome to the régime. None of the guerrilla bands could easily survive without the collaboration of the *campesinos* for supplies, information, and moral support. The régime has also acknowledged widespread burning of sugar cane by the *campesinos,* refusal to harvest coffee and rice crops, and resistance to the Communist indoctrination campaign. After seventeen cane fields and two tobacco warehouses were burned in one week in central Las Villas, the government imprisoned a hundred *campesinos.* Government Decree 988 orders that anyone caught burning cane, aiding guerrillas, or becoming involved in sabotage shall be given summary justice and shot within forty-eight hours. The first execution took place the day after Decree 988 was announced; a field hand caught burning cane in Matanzas faced a firing squad within a matter of hours. Castro has warned that anyone caught "giving one mouthful of food" to a counterrevolutionary would be shot. He has also said that *campesinos* in areas where guerrillas were operating who did not report the existence of these bands would suffer revolutionary justice.

Not long ago Comandante Félix Torres, a Communist who is military commander in Las Villas Province, presided over the opening of a sixteen-village farm collective in the foothills of the Escambray. Enforced collectivization was dressed up, as it always is, in the mantle of social and economic development. Torres told the *campesinos* that "Unlike 1960, when we had not one single revolutionary organization in the Sierra, today there are six thousand Young Rebels, one thousand vigilance committees, and 1,420 militants of ORI in 127 different organizations." A week later, militia groups were given a farewell in Santa Clara "on their way to clean out the counterrevolutionary worms in the mountainous regions of the Escambray." The plan is to hold the *campesino* in check with one hand while the régime attempts to administer a fatal blow to organized resistance with the other.

In the official reports of the new campaign of indoctrination and repression, one seldom reads or hears about the activities of former government leaders such as agrarian reform chief Núnez Jiménez and Minister of Labor Martínez Sánchez. A year ago, policy pronouncements by Castro's principal aides were issued daily. This task has now been assumed by Communist members of the ORI, whose pictures, interviews, and exhortations dominate the Cuban press, radio, and television. Even Ernesto "Che" Guevara, long considered Cuba's No. 2 if not No. 1 man, is far less prominent today than he was a year or even six months ago. Though he is perhaps less affected by the activities of ORI than the other cabinet members, his infrequent speeches have more of the dry tone of an administrator than the passionate ring of a leader.

Guevara has been reported to be the liaison man with Peking. Groups of Chinese agricultural technicians have been assigned to the Institute of Agrarian Reform to help with rice growing and truck gardening, and early in December, the government revealed that Chinese technicians had been assigned important jobs in the Cuban government sup-

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ply system. While hundreds of Russians and Czechs were known to be working alongside Cuban government officials, particularly in the armed forces, the outright assumption of government posts by Chinese functionaries came as a distinct surprise even in Cuba. It also brought a flurry of conjecture that the Chinese-Russian ideological conflict had been extended to Cuba.

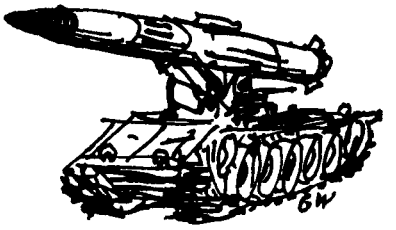
The Balance Is Shifting

On December 1 Castro told interviewers, "I am a Marxist-Leninist," and claimed to have been one since his student days. Perhaps, finally realizing that the organization was getting ahead of him, he was trying to establish his Communist credentials in order to buttress his position as leader of a Communist country. Whatever his reasons may have been, Castro's newly declared devotion to Communism did not please the Communists. His remarks were not reported in the Cuban press, and all references to his Communist background were deleted from the text published in *Bohemia* magazine. Furthermore, recent speeches by Blas Roca and Aníbal Escalante have hammered away at the need for party loyalty and democratic centralism and have attacked the cult of personality and the "*vivas*, songs, and slogans" of Fidelismo.

If the current measures of indoctrination and repression carried on by ORI give any evidence of success, the way will be cleared for the creation, probably later this year, of a more formal political organization. In a frankly Communist presentation over a TV program called *Cuba Avanza*, Aníbal Escalante referred to "the final step"—the establishment of the United Party of the Revolution (PUR). He said that although ORI could be considered the intermediate step to the PUR, they were actually one and the same. It was merely a matter of "transition." The PUR will then take the place of ORI as the political base of Communist power in Cuba.

When this happens, Castro may begin to count the days he will rule as the "maximum leader" of the Cuban revolution. At this point the Communists still need Castro, but not as much as Castro needs the Communists.

AT HOME & ABROAD



Where the Missile Gap Went

SENATOR STUART SYMINGTON

THE TERM "missile gap," so far as I know, was coined by a well-known newspaperman several years ago. It meant that the Russians were ahead of us in developing and building intercontinental ballistic missiles, which they would have in significant numbers before we did. It was thought that this situation would continue for a long time because this country had failed to put enough effort into developing long-range ballistic missiles. But the missile gap, from the day it became a matter of public concern, had an unaccountable way of narrowing, closing, and occasionally vanishing altogether.

Sometimes this was accomplished simply by official pronouncements. Sometimes, as in 1959, it was accomplished by adding unmanned bombers to our predicted stockpile of ICBMs while making no compensating addition to the predicted Soviet stockpile. Needless to say, the missile gap could not be so easily disposed of. Former Vice-President Nixon's assurance in 1959 that the gap was narrowing was followed by former CIA Director Allen Dulles's testimony in 1960 that the Soviets were widening their lead.

IN RECENT MONTHS, however, the missile gap appears to have been done away with once and for all. Not only *is* there no gap, we are informed by the press, but there never *was* one, and those who said there was were guilty at best of hallucination and at worst of something like bad faith. Consigning the missile gap to the "limbo of synthetic issues where it always belonged," a New York *Times* editorial not long ago declared, "The same forces and the same Congressional and journalistic mouthpieces who manufactured an alleged bomber gap in the Nineteen Fifties sponsored, and indeed invented, the alleged missile gap in the Nineteen Sixties." A somewhat unusual rewriting of history was provided by William Stringer in the *Christian Science Monitor*: "... the old missile gap never existed except in speculation—and in politics," he wrote, reinforcing this claim with the information that Presidential candidate Kennedy, "with an eye to accuracy, referred very sparingly to the missile gap. What he mainly discussed, in his campaign speech to the American Legion convention at Miami Beach, October 18, 1960, and elsewhere, was what might be termed the vulnerability gap." By my count, Mr. Kennedy warned of the missile gap in no less than nine campaign speeches just among those which have been reprinted. To the American Legion convention in Miami Beach, he in fact quoted General Maxwell D. Taylor's statement, "We are now threatened with a missile gap that leaves us in a position of potentially grave danger."

Whether or not there was a missile gap, it is clear that President Kennedy believed there was. So for that matter did former Secretaries of Defense McElroy and Gates and Governor Nelson Rockefeller, among others. Relying on authoritative

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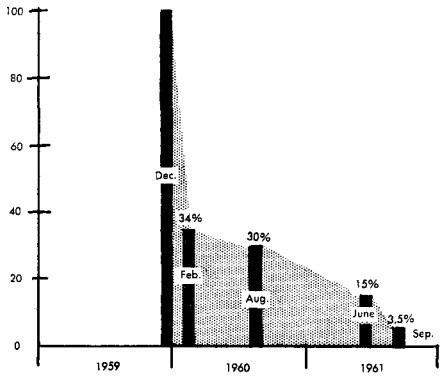
sources, so did I. That a possible Soviet missile lead in the early 1960's was a legitimate matter of concern was also acknowledged by the New York *Times*. "Are we doing all that we can do or should do to assure that the 'missile gap' specter never becomes reality?" an editorial asked in 1959. "This is obviously a key question of our times. There can be little doubt that it

ESTIMATES OF SOVIET ICBM STRENGTH FOR MID-1961



will be the obligation of the new Congress to explore this question thoroughly."

Surely the question we should be asking ourselves now is why so many of those who believed there was a missile gap have changed their minds.

Moving the Goalposts

The missile gap was not "invented" by columnists and politicians. It was "invented"—if that is the word—by comparing our National Intelligence estimates of Soviet missile strength with the programs of the United States. By the same token, if the gap has been eliminated, it has been largely a result of a downward revision of our estimates of the Soviet Union's missile strength.

In late July of 1958, acting on information that had come to me—including some from the CIA itself—I took up the matter with Allen Dulles. His analysis showed that there was to be a substantial and growing missile gap. The facts available to me, however, suggested that he had underrated Soviet missile development, and I so reported to President Eisenhower. Nonetheless, in December of that year, the National Intelligence estimates were reduced. Then early in 1960 Defense Secretary Gates informed Congress that new ground rules were to be used for interpreting intelligence data regarding the Soviet Union's ICBMs. "Heretofore, we have been giving you intelligence figures that dealt with the theoretical Soviet capability," he said. "This is the first time that we have had an intelligence estimate that says, 'This is what the Soviet Union probably will do.'" Just by changing the basis of evaluation from "capability" to "probability," we immediately made an immense and costless advance in the missile race—without actually moving.

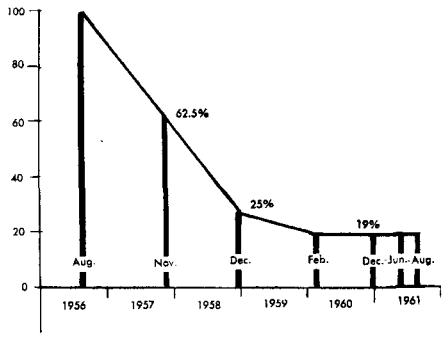
The chart reproduced here gives the long-range missile capacity our National Intelligence estimated in December, 1959, that the Soviet Union would have by July 1, 1961. For security reasons, this estimate, like others on the chart, is presented in percentages, with the mid-1961 Soviet ICBM capacity as it was predicted in December, 1959, given as one hundred per cent. In February, 1960, as a result of the change in methods of formulating intelligence estimates, the long-range missile strength the Soviets would have by July, 1961, was reduced sixty-six per cent from what it had been two months before. Even after that reduction, however, the new estimate of what the Soviets would have by mid-1961 was many times what we were to have at that date; and therefore, as of February, 1960, a large missile gap was expected in mid-1961. But in August, 1960, a further reduction was made. As the chart shows, the National Intelligence estimate of mid-1961 Soviet ICBM strength was again revised downward, this time to only thirty per cent of what we had predicted a few months previously. In comparison with the plans of the United States, there was still a large gap in favor of the Soviet Union.

Less than a year later, in June, 1961, the National Intelligence estimate of Soviet ICBM capacity for the next month—July, 1961—was reduced to a mere fifteen per cent of the figure that had been projected eighteen months previously. In September, 1961, the estimate went down once more. At that time, it was estimated that Soviet ICBM strength was exactly 3.5 per cent of the original 1959 estimate—a reduction of 96.5 per cent in less than two years. Thus the missile gap vanished.

The Dangers of Guessing 'Intent'

One of the most important factors in determining our national military strength is the estimate of the enemy's military capability. Not long ago, Secretary McNamara told the Senate Armed Services Committee that "the latest intelligence data on the capabilities of the Soviet Union and its satellites" was one of three criteria by which he had judged service proposals for the 1963 defense budget. Congressional committees also examine the state of our nation's defenses in the light of this estimate in preparing to make their recommendations to Congress, which must authorize and appropriate funds for the Department of Defense. The contradictory and confusing estimates of Soviet ICBM strength we have received in the past two years raise serious questions about the accuracy and effectiveness of our intelligence apparatus. To realize the infinite possibilities for miscalculation, one need only consider the labyrinthine route by which the first estimates are reached through a welter of government agencies and sub-agencies—ACSI, AEC, AFCIN, BNE, CIA, CS, DCI, EIC, FBI, GMAIC, IRA, J-2, JAEIC, NSA,

ESTIMATES OF SOVIET HEAVY BOMBER STRENGTH FOR MID-1961



NSC, OCI, ONI, OO, ORR, OSI, OSO, SIC, USIB, and WATCH are the initials of some of the organizations that participate.

Given the tentativeness at best of our intelligence estimates, the wisdom of basing them on Soviet "intent" rather than "capability" (particularly at a time when the Soviet Union has shifted from a policy of persuasion to one of intimidation) is open to question. Military history

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testifies to the danger of basing one's own preparedness on an enemy's probable intentions, which can readily be altered or faked. Before the new system was adopted, Secretary McElroy had described it as "very dangerous," adding, "I think we should assume that they [meaning the opponent] will have these numbers [of missiles] in being when the National Intelligence estimate says that they could have it." Further, there is the testimony of Khrushchev himself discussing the Soviet lead in missile launching in 1957. The capitalist countries, he said, "may, sooner or later, draw even with us. But it would be naïve to think we are meanwhile going to sit with our arms folded." Still, according to our new estimates of the Soviets' ICBM strength, that is what we assume they have been doing.

AN EXAMPLE of the discrepancies that can exist between what the Soviets are doing and what we think they are doing may be seen in the field of bomber production. In 1958, as the second chart shows, our National Intelligence revised its previous estimates of Soviet heavy-bomber production sharply downward. At the time, one of the chief reasons given for the reduction was increasing evidence that the Soviets were accelerating their long-range missile program. Khrushchev, it was said, had leapfrogged bomber production to concentrate on the production of missiles. Estimates of potential Soviet heavy-bomber strength by mid-1961, as the chart shows, were lowered seventy-five per cent between August, 1956, and December, 1958, and eighty-one per cent by February of 1960.

The 1961 Soviet military air show, however, raised considerable doubt whether we really knew what they were doing in this field, although we had been told in 1958, 1959, and 1960 that there would be no future manned-bomber threat. It was difficult to believe that the Soviets had not continued their bomber development and production in very substantial fashion, given the development of such planes as the new supersonic bomber, larger than any aircraft we now make except the subsonic B-52. The new Russian bomber was flown at the air show in formation numbers, indicating early operational capability. Last summer we were told by defense authorities that several other planes were presented in that air show that we had previously known nothing about.

Before We Celebrate

It should not be necessary to point out the dangers of underestimating the Soviet Union's ICBM strength. Fortunately, there is no reason to believe that President Kennedy has underestimated it. In accordance with his campaign statements, he has ordered a fifty per cent increase in the Polaris submarine force to be achieved by the end of 1964, a fifty per cent increase in the portion of the strategic-bomber force on fifteen-minute ground alert, and a hundred per cent increase in our capacity to produce the Minuteman solid-fuel missile. If the missile gap has closed, however, it has not been as a result of these necessary measures but as a result of our downgrading Soviet strength.

Clearly if the previous estimates were right, the revised estimates are terribly wrong. Which estimates are correct? These are the questions that must be asked by Senators and Representatives who must appropriate defense funds and for politicians and responsible journalists. How was it possible to be 96.5 per cent off in either direction? Is "probable intent" a satisfactory basis for judging Soviet strength? Is our machinery for formulating National Intelligence estimates adequate? All these questions must be asked—and, it is to be hoped, adequately answered—before we take to dancing in the streets to celebrate the disappearance of the missile gap.

The Defense of the Dollar

Mr. Kennedy heeds Europe's admonition to balance our books

M. J. ROSSANT

PREDICTING the revenues and expenditures of the Federal government eighteen months in advance is an iffy affair. Yet as early as last September, Mr. Kennedy pledged a balanced budget for the fiscal year ending in June, 1963, and while it will be a long time before the results are in, the prediction of a balance was deemed essential by the President and his advisers. The event that dictated the decision was the annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund, whose headquarters are in Washington but which convened last fall in Vienna, bringing together finance ministers and central bankers from all over the non-Communist world.

The major topic on the agenda was a proposal to strengthen the international financial network by enlarging the IMF's resources. But much of the discussion centered on the economic policies of the United States. Indeed, delegates from the Western European nations indulged in some thinly veiled criticism in public which was reinforced in much blunter terms in private. What is

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more, the representatives of the New Frontier, headed by Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon, had to heed the stewards of newly-rich Europe, whose sermons on fiscal responsibility and faith in monetary discipline are reflected in the Kennedy administration's economic program, particularly the presentation of a budget in nominal balance and the promise to achieve an equilibrium in the U.S. balance of payments.

The reason the administration had to respond to European pressure was fairly simple: thanks to the huge reserves of dollars they have accumulated, the European central banks, acting with their governments, now have it in their power—should their confidence in the U.S. economy be sufficiently shaken—to bring about a run on gold which in turn could force a devaluation of the dollar.

THE HARSH DISCIPLINE of the old gold standard, the so-called rules of the game that called for a country suffering from an outflow of funds to put its domestic economy through the wringer, no longer applies. Governments everywhere give priority to improving domestic conditions, for they cannot afford, politically or economically, the toll exacted by a deflationary policy designed to enhance the competitive position of their industry. But the Kennedy administration has also discovered that it is impossible to concentrate on the domestic economy to the neglect of external financial problems. This new fact of life was bluntly stated by Under Secretary of the Treasury Robert V. Roosa, who recently observed that the United States cannot "be insulated from the consequences, the 'discipline' if you will, of its balance of payments."

Certainly, the persistent deficits that the U.S. is experiencing in its transactions with the rest of the world have influenced the administration's economic plans. The new discipline involved presenting a balanced Federal budget to convince the international financial community of Washington's determination to gain control over its fiscal responsibilities. With business activity in an expanding phase, a balanced budget could be justified on purely domestic grounds, and the administration has been quick to point out that it no longer has to rely on deficit financing to stimulate the economy because it can now count on a much higher intake of taxes from individuals and corporations to offset its expenditures. Mr. Kennedy and his economic advisers are critical of the Eisenhower régime for restricting the growth of the economy through a radical shift from deficit to surplus in the budget accompanied by an equally extreme move from easy to tight money. They are pursuing a contrasting course, hoping to avoid any sharp change in budget policy by actually increasing Federal outlays to ensure that the economic upsurge will be maintained. In essence, this concept of the economic role of government is that it should act as both a stabilizing and an expanding influence. Accordingly, with expansion already under way but with the deficit in the payments balance on the increase, Washington is placing increased emphasis on stabilization.

Gold Rush Days in London

By any yardstick the United States is still the world's richest nation. But the American dollar is no longer the one inviolate paper currency, and the U.S. gold stock, which was once so huge as to be considered impregnable, has been eroding at an alarming rate. Between 1958 and 1960, the deficit in the U.S. balance of payments, which is a measure of our total transactions with other countries, amounted to over $11 billion; during this same period, some $5 billion held by foreign central banks was exchanged for gold.

After the Second World War, the United States emerged as the leading international banker, providing both short- and long-term credit to the rest of the world, so that the dollar became the major currency for settling international transactions and a reserve for foreign currencies. The dollar standard thus became an effective substitute for the old gold standard, for the dollar itself has gold backing, and foreign governments and central banks have the right to buy gold for dollars at the fixed price of thirty-five dollars an ounce. During the early postwar period, Europe was suffering from a severe dollar shortage and in fact preferred dollars to gold. But more recently, the swelling deficit in the U.S. balance of payments has brought a glut of dollars to Europe, and its central banks have taken to exchanging their dollars for gold to build up their reserves.

The causes of the dollar flow were largely our own doing: foreign-aid programs, beginning with the massive dollar infusions of the Marshall Plan, military purchases in support of our forces in Europe, long-term corporate investment, and the increase in tourism.

For years, Washington found little cause for alarm over the deficit in its balance of payments, taking the view that if a problem existed it was that the U.S. had too much of the world's reserves. Then, in October, 1960, the price of gold on London's free market rose to forty dollars an ounce on rumors that the dollar would be devalued. There was no solid basis for the story; but concern about the American recession, the long-term erosion of the dollar's purchasing power, and uncertainty ascribable to the election campaign (with Kennedy being viewed as an inflationist) led to a dumping of dollars and a run on gold. The London gold rush finally made Washington aware that things might never be the same again—that gold, which had been something of a "barbarous relic," as John Maynard Keynes put it, had been rediscovered, assuming some of its old magic and danger.

Today, our gold stock is in the neighborhood of $16.8 billion as compared to $24.6 billion in 1949. But because a twenty-five per cent gold backing is required by law for the domestic money supply, the amount of free gold available to support the dollar abroad is just above $5 billion. Theoretically at least, the United States is vulnerable to a gold run, for with official foreign holdings amounting to about

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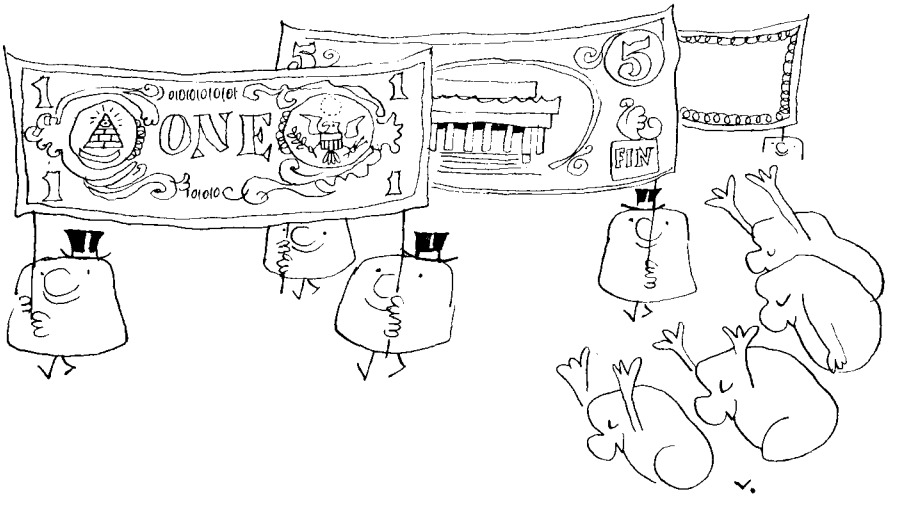
$12 billion, any one of a handful of central banks could start a run overnight by demanding gold in exchange for dollars.

The Hidden Hand

This development has given enormous power and prestige to the men who head the Banque de France, the Deutsche Bundesbank, de Nederlansche Bank, and the Bank of England. The money managers are all public servants responsive to their governments, but they enjoy considerable autonomy in the formulation and execution of policy. They must decide whether to tighten or liberalize credit on the basis of their assessment of prevailing monetary conditions. The nature of their job tends to make central bankers a peculiarly secretive and conservative breed. As the guardians of their countries' currency, it is understandable that they should have an anti-inflationary bias, but it is often given a moralistic tone, suggesting that tight money and high interest rates are good and that easy money and low interest rates are somehow evil. There is in fact a mystique about central banking, which Walter Bagehot described as "the hidden hand." Though its practitioners are now much more in the public eye than in Victorian days, they maintain something of the attitude of high priests who are prepared to hazard unpopularity in the defense of sound money.

But it would be unfair to regard these men as a sinister cabal who would deliberately create chaos by a run on the dollar. On the contrary, they have been anxious to protect the dollar and see it strengthened. But with so much of their own reserves in dollars, they feel they have a right to insist that the United States maintain a stable currency. Moreover, if they should refrain from buying gold and the dollar were devalued, they would almost certainly be relieved of their posts.

So far, the central bankers have been co-operating with the United States, and they have been exerting an increasing influence on U.S. policy. Their role helps explain the performance of the Kennedy administration. At first, many of Kennedy's economic brain trust were in favor of an emergency tax cut to counter the recession; they also advocated a much bigger outlay in the civilian sector. But Dillon and Roosa at the Treasury and William McChesney Martin of the Federal Reserve Board felt that the recession would be short-lived, and that a tax cut or a big deficit would be regarded unfavorably in foreign financial circles. Their intervention convinced Kennedy; and as it turned out, the major portion of the increase in the budget deficit during Mr. Kennedy's first year in office was due to the military build-up after the Berlin crisis rather than to the anti-recession measures. Moreover, after the Vienna meeting, the President ordered government spending held down to keep the deficit from going above $7 billion, which was well below the $12.4-billion deficit for fiscal 1959 run up by Eisenhower in countering the 1957-1958 recession.



THE changed status of the dollar also influenced monetary policy. Traditionally, the remedy for countering a recession calls for the central bank to increase the supply of credit. This has the effect of making funds available at low rates of interest. In the three previous postwar recessions the Federal Reserve Board did just that, and forced the short-term rate down below one per cent. But last year, the Kennedy administration—and the FRB—recognized that resort to this tactic would lead to an outflow of funds to higher-yielding markets abroad, thus swelling the deficit in the balance of payments. So the FRB abandoned its former practice and pumped credit into the economy by trading in government obligations of various terms of maturity. This served to bolster the short-term rate, which remained above two per cent throughout the year, while making credit readily available.

These domestic actions were linked with other international moves taken by the administration to erect a defense in depth for the dollar. Until last year, there was a great deal of talk about co-operating to maintain the existing international monetary framework, but very little of a permanent or substantive nature was accomplished. The co-operation that did exist was mainly jerry-built, set up after trouble had actually erupted. For example, it was only after the London gold rush took place that the Treasury began consultations with the Bank of England, which had been unwilling to feed gold into the market on its own account to defend the dollar. After the negotiations, officials refused to confirm or deny that the bank had agreed to supply gold to the market on the understanding that the U.S. Treasury would replenish its stocks. But most private bankers are certain that such an agreement was made and is still in force.

By and large, the administration made considerable progress last year in gaining the co-operation of other governments and their central banks. Mr. Kennedy, it can be said with assurance, does not want to be

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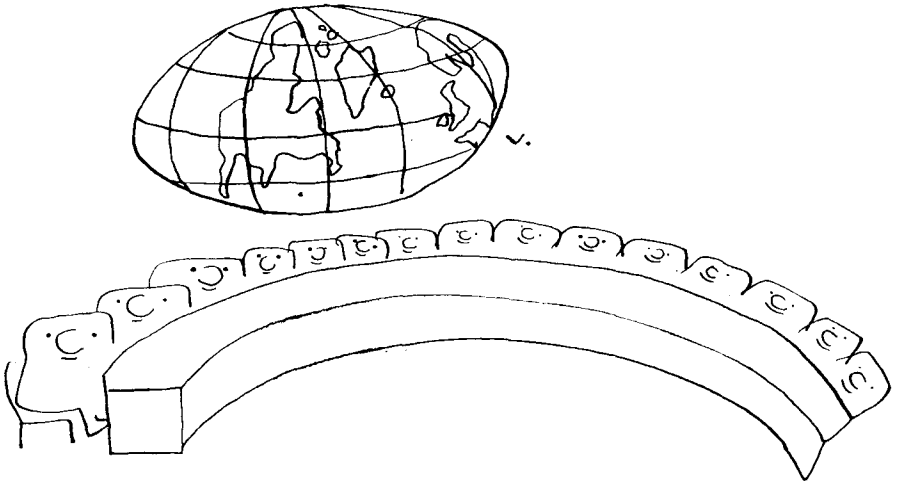
stigmatized as a devaluator of the dollar. By the same token, no central banker—or Western European government—would relish gaining notoriety for starting a run on gold. But the price of their co-operation has been so high as to make the building of dollar defenses slow and laborious.



EVEN NOW, they are far from impregnable. But the administration did succeed in getting foreign central banks to exercise more restraint in their demand for gold. As a result, the United States lost only $900 million in 1961, compared to a withdrawal of $1.7 billion the previous year. Nor are the banks buying gold on the free market. According to Mocatta and Goldsmid, a leading London bullion firm, "It appears that these institutions have a gentlemen's agreement not to purchase gold for the time being." By agreeing to hold most of the new dollar assets they accumulate rather than exchange them for gold, the central banks are hoping to prevent an upsurge in private speculative demand that would entail an indirect drain on the U.S. gold stock. For in the short run the main problem is psychological—to maintain confidence in the dollar and avert an outflow of funds, whether American-owned or foreign, which the Council of Economic Advisers admitted in its economic report, can be "large, sudden, erratic, contagious, and self-reinforcing."

The U.S. has not been content merely with a gentlemen's agreement. After consideration of more radical plans that were strongly opposed by Europe, the administration again put its support behind a proposal offered by Per Jacobsson, head of the IMF, to increase the fund's reserves by obtaining standby credits from the major industrial countries that could be lent to a country whose currency comes under pressure.

The Jacobsson plan won "agreement in principle" in Vienna, with all issues left to be hammered out by the ten nations involved—including Britain and six European nations, plus Canada, Japan, and the United States—the so-called "lenders' club." Last December, after a long series of secret negotiations, the agreement was finally reached. Though it may be a step forward, as the administration claims, more than anything else the formation of the lenders' club is a sign of the shift in the balance of financial power from Washington to Europe.

The Rules of the Club

In any event it is a small and hobbled step, for the only effective credit on which the United States can draw will be the $2.5 billion put up by the European members of the club. Moreover, a prospective lender can refuse to advance credit if it feels that the borrowing country represents a bad risk. This provision is a compromise between the original proposal to make commitments automatic and the counterproposal of the French and Dutch—speaking on behalf of the Common Market—for veto power if the borrowing country failed to take corrective measures. To avoid affronting a fellow club member in search of a loan, the rule now allows a country to beg off simply by pleading that it has its own payments problems. Under these conditions, a borrowing member is likely to comply with policies suggested by the prospective lenders.

The real significance of the club is that the United States and Britain, the so-called key currency countries, which have had the most powerful voices in such international institutions as the World Bank and the IMF, are now yielding some of their power to the Common Market countries. Although the club has been set up as part of the IMF, its resources are available only to its members, who will consider transactions in private consultations. The Common Market nations are in fact the club, forming a majority that can block any action.

Both central bankers and financial officials are in almost continuous consultation through the newly formed Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development, which has been located in Paris. But the the Finance Committee of the OECD is made up of the members of the lenders' club, which indicates that its policies will be decided there and then passed on to the IMF in Washington. And another small group, Working Party 3 of OECD's Economic Policy Committee, has been charged with the task of coordinating policies aimed at narrowing the gap between American and European interest rates, which is an additional buffer against currency runs. Officials of the Kennedy administration have also checked their policies with OECD with the double objective of gaining useful advice while explaining the United States position.

JUDGING from Mr. Kennedy's economic report and the accompanying study by his Council of Economic Advisers, the administration is satisfied with the results to date. But while the payments deficit for 1961 is estimated at $2.5 billion against $3.9 billion in 1960, all the improvement took place in the first half, when business was feeling the effects of the recession and cut its imports at the same time that Europe's boom kept exports at a high level. The over-all position deteriorated from quarter to quarter, with

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the deficit in the last three months running at an annual rate of $5 billion, the highest level since the fourth quarter a year ago.

It is difficult to foresee any better showing this year. If business activity is up to the administration's predictions, it will surely mean a substantial increase in demand for imports; and with Europe's rate of growth currently slipping, the prospect for compensation in the form of higher exports is slim. This will narrow the surplus in the U.S. trade account, and it is questionable whether the government account can be reduced significantly, although Washington cherishes the hope that France will follow Germany's example and offset our dollar expenditures abroad by increased purchases of military equipment in the U.S. The most sensitive and volatile areas are in the flow of funds, either for long-term investment or in short-term capital movements. In recent months, both categories have been reacting unfavorably and there is no concrete evidence that the trend will be reversed.

Gentlemen and Dollars

The administration, however, feels confident that the business expansion will bring higher interest rates, which would attract short-term funds and make for investment opportunities with appeal for long-term capital. Treasury officials admit that most of the administration's proposals for restoring equilibrium, including its new trade program, are basically long-range measures that would not have much immediate impact even if Congress acted in unexpected haste and approved them. So in the short run, the fate of the dollar depends on the continued cooperation of foreign central bankers who in turn are subject to apprehensions of their own.

It is unquestionably true that in the fall of 1960 large-scale purchases of gold and foreign securities by Americans contributed to the London gold rush. While Congress has since enacted a law forbidding U.S. citizens to hoard or purchase gold abroad, an American flight from the dollar is still possible and, if it happens, could touch off a crisis. Even if Europe's central bankers—and their governments—are committed to help, they are already uneasy about the present size of their dollar reserves and might act less than gentlemanly if confronted with a fresh flood of dollars from America.

Washington recognizes this danger, and for psychological reasons has decided that it would be unwise to overemphasize the critical nature of the balance-of-payments problems. It is too new and complex a subject to be readily explicable. Unlike the British, who have been frequently faced with the challenge of "export or die" and are prepared, however grudgingly, to make sacrifices, Americans might react unfavorably. Resistance could lead to a flight of capital, for example, or Congress might slash foreign aid and domestic nondefense expenditures.

Mr. Kennedy is not ducking or sidestepping the problem. On the contrary, his economic program—the new trade proposals, his tax recommendations, the decision to expand government spending, and even the suggested yardsticks to govern labor-management wage negotiations—is intended to eliminate the payments deficit by stimulating growth and strengthening the competitive position of the American economy. The pledge of a balanced budget when business activity is rising is not inconsistent with his long-term objectives. The need to gain Europe's co-operation may have set limits to

the administration's freedom of action, but it has not yet entailed any serious restraints on growth.

If the administration is to be faulted, it should be on other grounds. The notion that the United States must mend its ways and adhere to Europe's example is ludicrous, yet in some ways this seems to be the present trend in Washington. Europe's financial health continues to depend to a large extent on the United States, which has every right to demand, now that the patient has been rehabilitated, that it contribute to the strengthening of the western alliance. The degree of this trend may be measured by the fact that the administration is much more concerned with restoring confidence by gaining control over its domestic finances than in prodding Europe into a greater show of responsibility for the defense of the dollar.

It is even conceivable that the administration will be forced to take still more conservative steps in order to buttress the dollar. But the breakdown of the gold standard in the 1930's demonstrates that adherence to fiscal and monetary orthodoxy is hardly a guaranteed defense. If the new discipline results in stunting economic growth, the price of co-operation may prove too high.

Co-operation has in fact been comparatively one-sided, with the Europeans making little more than the most cursory gestures of collective action. They should be persuaded to act with some largesse. It should be noted that assets of Americans in foreign countries amount to well over $40 billion, the bulk of it in Europe, which far outweighs short-term liabilities in the hands of foreigners that are posing so obvious a threat. Most of these American investments abroad represent corporate acquisitions—Ford's $374-million purchase of Ford of England in 1960 and Goodyear's recent takeover of Fulda, one of West Germany's largest tiremakers, for some $7 million—and direct expenditures on plants and machinery. As such, they are not liquid but they have placed dollars in the hands of Europeans, who are reluctant to use them for long-term investments and loans of their own. The administration has no plans to prevent Americans from investing abroad, but it can use foreign assets as a stick against the hoarders of Europe. If co-operation is to be effective, it must not be directed only at achieving growth with stability on the domestic front but at a much greater utilization in the interests of the West of the surpluses amassed and frozen abroad—for instance in areas, both military and economic, where the dollar has been carrying the burden.

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THE COLOR NETWORK

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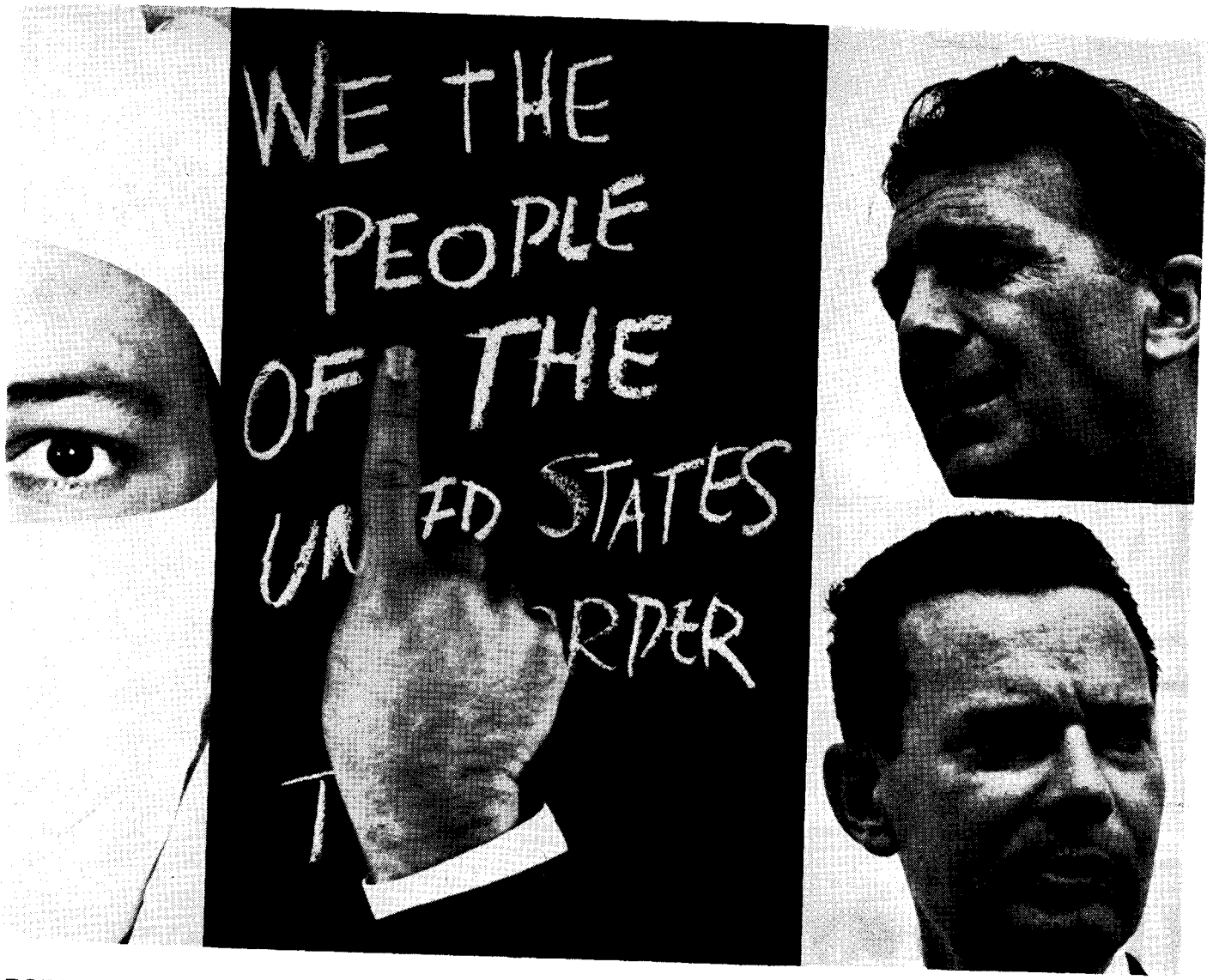

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Integrated Housing: A Matter of Timing

J. ANTHONY LUKAS

On August 8, 1960, a buoyant John F. Kennedy, fresh from his triumph in Los Angeles, chided President Eisenhower for not using "Presidental leadership" to advance civil rights.

"Let me give one example of an important immediate contribution that could and should be made by the stroke of a Presidential pen," he said.

"Eleven months ago the Civil Rights Commission unanimously proposed that the President issue an Executive order on equal opportunity in housing.

"The President has not acted during all this time. He could and should act now. . . . I have supported this proposal since it was made last September. The Democratic platform endorses it. A new Democratic administration will carry it out."

A year and a half later, as he framed his legislative program, President Kennedy let word leak out that the Executive order would be postponed. Reports then said the President's advisers convinced him that the order, which would prohibit discrimination in Federally aided housing, would cost him crucial votes in Congress. Administration officials insisted, however, that the order was sidetracked only until such high-priority legislation as the tariff program could be pushed through on the main line. "The order will come," one said. "It's only a matter of timing."

These assurances were met with impatience by civil-rights groups, whose leaders had expected the order during December.

Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, sent a telegram to the White House noting that the lack of Presidential action had produced "some resentment" across the country. He said there was "real fear that unless the order is issued at this time it may not be issued." Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., national vice-chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, called the Attorney General's year-end report on civil-rights action "largely a cover-up" for failure to issue the order.

The same disappointment was evident in the New York offices of the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing, which speaks on this issue for thirty-three organizations, including the National Urban League, the N.A.A.C.P., the United Auto Workers, and the American Jewish Committee. The National Committee has been the leading crusader in this field since its inception in the late 1940's during a legal battle against the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's plans for an all-white housing development in Manhattan. It lost that fight but soon gained passage of strong legislation in New York City and State prohibiting discrimination in both government-aided and private housing.

In the past decade, sixteen other states and forty-nine cities have passed similar laws or resolutions. Most cover public housing and urban renewal. Some add housing constructed under the mortgage-insurance programs of the Federal Housing Administration and the Veterans Administration. Laws in nine of these states and two cities also cover private housing.

But the committee has long recognized the limitations of state and local action.

First, it is aware that all seventeen of the states, and all but two of the cities, are north or west of the Confederacy. There is no prospect for such legislation in the South.

Second, it knows these laws have little impact on the operations of Federal agencies. The Urban Renewal Administration, the Federal Housing Administration, and the Veterans Administration have agreed not to do business with builders found to have violated state laws and who refuse to take appropriate action. But in practice, proceedings before state enforcement agencies and the courts take so long that the builder has usually finished the project with Federal aid before a final decision is reached.

The National Committee therefore began pressing as early as 1953 for Federal Executive action to end discrimination in housing aided by Federal agencies. Repeated appeals were addressed to President Eisenhower without avail.

Subsidized Segregation

President Kennedy's election encouraged advocates of Federal action. His campaign pledge was reinforced by his appointment of Robert C. Weaver, a Negro, as administrator of the Housing and Home Finance Agency, which supervises all Federal housing programs. Mr. Weaver had been a leader of the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing since the start and was its president at the time of his appointment.

If Mr. Weaver's appointment scared the South, it bought the administration time. The National Committee, convinced that an order was on the way, decided not to make its usual presentation at hearings on the 1961 housing bill. The only pressure during the administration's first few months came from two leaders of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, a coordinating group in the field. Last February, Chairman Roy Wilkins and Secretary Arnold Aronson gave the President a memorandum (later

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endorsed by thirty-five of the conference's member organizations) calling for an Executive order banning discrimination in all Federal programs and institutions.

Few expected such an order to be issued. Most groups concentrated on the campaign for a housing order, which culminated in the National Committee's formal appeal to Mr. Kennedy on September 22. The committee used strong terms in its indictment of public policy: "There is massive evidence that the Federal government is actually promoting and strengthening nationwide patterns of residential segregation . . . [It] has become both the architect and enforcer of segregated communities."

To support this charge the National Committee cited these facts:

"Over eighty per cent of Federally-sponsored public housing is operated on a segregated basis. New segregated public housing projects continue to receive Federal approval.

"The Federal government approves urban renewal projects, despite exclusion of minority families from the new housing and wholesale displacement of minority families from areas of long continued occupancy. Urban renewal projects are, in some places, accentuating existing residential segregation and in others creating new patterns of racial separation where none had existed before . . ."

The Federal Housing Administration and the Veterans Administration "continue to underwrite racially exclusive suburbs. New all-white towns which could not have been built without FHA and VA financing assistance surround all our major cities. Less than two per cent of the new homes insured by FHA have been available to nonwhite families."

It noted: "By Presidential Order, the developer of an urban renewal project, in his role as *builder* of government-assisted housing, must sign a contract which includes a non-discriminatory hiring provision. This same developer, in his role as *seller* of government-assisted housing, is free to follow a pattern of rigid racial discrimination."

The committee therefore urged the President to issue an order in the housing field similar to the one he issued on employment, and to set up a committee similar to the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity to enforce it. Violations would be referred to the Attorney General for "appropriate action."

The Power of the Purse

This appeal was underlined two weeks later, when the U.S. Civil Rights Commission issued its long-awaited report on discrimination in housing. The commission concluded that the Federal government is in part responsible for this discrimination because "it supports and indeed to a great extent it created the machinery through which housing discrimination operates." But the commission noted that while some progress has been made in the Federal housing agencies themselves—FHA, for example, has moved from a policy of openly recommending racially restrictive covenants as late

as 1946 to one encouraging open occupancy today—little progress could be reported among the Federal banking institutions supervising the private financial community.

The institutions these agencies supervise hold $100 billion in non-farm residential mortgage loans, which is sixty-three per cent of the outstanding mortgage debt. (Roughly thirty per cent more is insured by FHA and VA, making a total of about ninety per cent affected in some way by government activity.)

The commission noted that "the financial community in which these agencies play so large and vital a role is a major factor in the denial of equal housing opportunities to minority groups." A witness before the commission's Ohio Advisory Committee put it more bluntly when he said, "Banks dictate where the Negroes can live."

The U.S. Civil Rights Commission therefore urged the issuance of an Executive order extending beyond the Federal housing programs themselves to include the Federally supervised commercial banks and savings and loan associations. In October the matter was referred to an interdepartmental group that included Mr. Weaver; Assistant Attorney General Burke Marshall; Harris Wofford, special assistant to the President on civil rights; and Neil J. Hardy, director of FHA. After a month, the group submitted its recommendation to the White House. It called for an order broader than the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing's original proposal but not so strong as the Federal commission's. It would have included public housing, urban renewal, FHA and VA, and the Federal savings and loan associations, but not the national banks, the Federal Reserve banks, and banks whose deposits are insured by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.

The Present That Never Came

No word came from the White House. But a delegation from the National Committee saw reason for optimism in a meeting with Attorney General Robert Kennedy on November 8. They found him "friendly, attentive, and sympathetic," and gathered that only the scope of the order was then in question. Charles Abrams, Weaver's successor as president of the committee, told colleagues as he left the Attorney General's office, "We're going to get either a Thanksgiving or a Christmas present."

As Thanksgiving passed without an order, it became evident that opposition was building up. Some of this opposition came from the building and real-estate industry

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as reflected in resolutions passed at the fall conventions of the National Association of Real Estate Boards and the National Association of Home Builders. But there is little evidence of an active industry campaign against an order. Support for discrimination is not considered good public relations. Many builders have taken the President at his campaign word and accepted the order as inevitable. Many also question predictions that the order would mean the end of all Federally aided construction in the South.

THESE BUILDERS concede that several factors would affect the impact on the region. Southern cities are already building increasing numbers of all-Negro public housing projects, and this practice probably would become more prevalent under the order. For the time being, Southern communities could probably continue to use renewal programs to eliminate racially mixed neighborhoods and thereby undermine school desegregation. Observers look for more Southern cities to copy Atlanta, Austin, Winston-Salem, and Greensboro, which have built attractive sections solely for Negro occupancy. As for the FHA and VA, relatively few Southern Negroes can yet afford new housing under these programs. Even where they can afford it, social pressures would limit attempts to enter all-white neighborhoods.

The major impact would therefore probably be felt first in the North and West, particularly in the vast new suburban developments built with FHA and VA commitments. (Even the order's advocates do not feel that it could cover existing single-family homes with FHA or VA insured mortgages, because the Federal agencies' relationship with the homeowner is too remote to permit effective control.) Civil-rights groups have long argued that housing segregation in the North—typically an inner-city Negro ghetto surrounded by a white suburbia—has effectively hampered integration in other fields. It is in these Northern communities that the N.A.A.C.P. and the Congress of Racial Equality would probably concentrate tests of the order's effectiveness.

Most observers agree that the order would set off a temporary slump in building under the Federally aided programs. To the extent that commercial banks are exempted, there would be a shift from the Federal programs into these conventional forms of financing.

Advocates of the order don't believe this slump would be prolonged or serious. James Scheuer, a leading apartment builder and pioneer of open-occupancy development in Washington, D.C., says: "A builder is in business to make shelter and that's what he's going to do. People aren't going to stop needing shelter because of an Executive order. The boys may sit back and wait for a while, but they'll start building again." Much will depend on how promptly and strictly the order is enforced. Even National Committee leaders, however, concede that there would probably be a "go slow" policy in the South at first. A study conducted in Mr. Weaver's agency last fall concluded that the economic dislocations would be minimal. Thus the decision to postpone the order was apparently based not on its economic effects but on what it would do to the President's legislative program.

A Word to the Wise

Of those who had the President's ear on this subject, there were two to whom he listened with particular care, not because they told him something he didn't know but because they recalled something of which he was painfully aware—the slim margin of support for his programs in Congress and his heavy reliance on Southern leaders there. Senator John Sparkman and Representative Albert Rains are both from Alabama. Both are chairmen of the Housing subcommittees in their respective houses. Both are typical "Southern liberals": internationalist on foreign policy, progressive on most domestic issues, but responsive to the segregationist attitudes of their constituents. Both profess to believe that the Executive order would sabotage the Federal housing program for which they have worked long and hard. Both concede that they have also worked long and hard to see that no such order is ever issued.

Last October 6, Senator Sparkman telegraphed the President: "As one who has had practical experience in legislating, you know that we could never have put through Congress this year's great housing measure if such an order had been in effect." Recently he expanded on this point: "Take public housing. Every little Southern city has a public housing project, a lot of them for Negroes. But if that order came out, why would a Southern Senator vote for the 100,000 units in last year's bill when he knew no city in his state or in the South would build a single new unit?"

Rains, who faces a tough state-wide primary in May, is even more blunt. "I've reminded the President that I pushed his 1961 housing bill through the House for him. He gave me the pen he signed the bill with. I've got a lot of those pens. But I also told the President that I couldn't have got that bill through if the order had been out. I would have missed by fifty votes—including my own. The President's a practical man. He's been up here. He knows there aren't enough votes from New York and Massachusetts to pass a housing bill—or any bill, for that matter."

These arguments were pressed at the White House in the second week of December. On the eleventh, Sparkman dropped by for "a little bull session with the President." The next day Rains talked with the White House by telephone. Two weeks later word leaked out that the order had been postponed.

'The Showdown Must Come'

Sources in the White House were quoted then as saying the President had decided to push first for creation of a Cabinet-level Department of Housing and Urban Affairs headed by Robert Weaver. Last month he announced he would do this by Executive order, having failed to get a bill to create such a department past the House Rules Committee.

White House officials now deny that the two decisions were linked. But these stories caused resentment among Negroes, who felt the department was thrown them as a sop. The New York *Amsterdam News* summed it up this way: "If Robert Weaver is made a member of the President's Cabinet and discrimination continues in Federal housing,

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Negroes will have won nothing but a dark, dubious 'prestige' victory."

Louis Martin, the Negro deputy chairman of the Democratic National Committee, says this resentment is still limited largely to the professionals in the civil-rights field and to leaders of Negro opinion. "Don't worry," he said; "we'll get the order out before the rank and file begins to get restless. Of course, I wanted it out last fall for the campaigns in New Jersey and San Antonio. We just couldn't get it then, but it'll be out before next November. Meanwhile, we've got to explain as best we can."

THE PRESIDENT did his first public explaining at a press conference on January 15. Asked why he had not yet fulfilled his campaign pledge, he said: "Well, I think that—I stated that I would issue that order when I considered it to be in the public interest, and when I considered it to make an important contribution to advancing the rights of our citizens . . . And I am fully conscious of the wording of the statement to which you refer, and plan to meet my responsibilities in regard to this matter."

But the President insisted that his administration was "proceeding ahead in a way which will maintain a consensus, and which will advance this cause." He cited progress during the past year through Executive action on voting rights, Federal employment, and interstate travel.

His explanation failed to satisfy most champions of the order. Arnold Aronson of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights summed up the feeling of many: "I think the President has done a lot this first year to change the whole tone of the Federal government on civil rights and some forward steps have been taken. But the delay of this order indicates the administration has been fooling itself when it talks about the advantages of Executive action. It is now clear that Executive action is subject to the same kind of pressures as legislation. Ultimately, if we're going to get that order, there's going to have to be a showdown with the Southerners in Congress. The timing is up to the President. But the showdown must come."

The Decline and Fall Of Tammany Hall

A post-mortem on the 'boss' who wasn't

MEG GREENFIELD

As Democratic National Committeeman from the State of New York, Carmine De Sapio, the recently ousted leader of Tammany Hall, will presumably continue until 1964 to preside over a suite of offices in Manhattan's Biltmore Hotel. A visitor these days finds the once crowded waiting room strangely free of guests and the telephone comparatively quiet; but De Sapio himself is little changed. Maintaining the decorous manner for which he has always been known, De Sapio is at pains not to be vindictive about those who

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put him out of business. Nor does he blame himself. "If I had to do it over," he told me, "I'd do it pretty much the same."

Elsewhere in the city, the Democrats who deposed De Sapio have been busy revising party rules and redefining the authority of the leader so that no one will ever be able to do it quite his way again. But whatever merit the new rules have, power in politics has a way of going somewhere, and its acquisition and use by De Sapio always depended less on the rules of the game than on the men who were playing it. De Sapio's power, in fact, was pretty much handed to him when it wasn't acquired by default. And though he was hailed as a statesman in the mid-1950's by people who later described him as a boss, his method of operation never changed: he simply took advantage of other people's mistakes and profited from their confusion. Former Mayor William O'Dwyer once classed De Sapio among "scavengers," and clubhouse friends with whom he has fallen out accuse him of "playing it cute." As one of Mayor Robert Wagner's new advisers puts it, "Carmine always had an instinct for survival."

When Tammany historians get down to appraising his place in the Hall—how De Sapio "did it"—they may well conclude that although he ran a remarkable holding operation, he failed because he couldn't be a boss. He came to depend on other people's weakness rather than his own strength.

A Game Played for Keeps

De Sapio learned his politics as a young man around Sheriff Dan Finn's clubhouse in the 1930's, and his performance as a national politician always reflected his early training. One of the more durable myths about clubhouse politics is that there is a sort of honor among wardheelers, but the opposite is nearer the truth. The political world in which De Sapio grew up was one of convenient alliances conveniently broken, wheeling and dealing with friend and foe alike. Old-line politicians, in fact, are almost as dishonorable among themselves as reformers are, but a great deal less serious about it. For even though politics may be—as it was in De Sapio's case—their only existence, it is a game—"the ball game." Power is the "marbles"; men

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are "the boys"; and everything depends on how you "play it." The point is to win.

From the beginning, De Sapio was good at the game and had his own way of winning. "He was a nice, ingratiating, hungry guy," an old acquaintance recalls. "When he was captain in Dannie Finn's club he'd be the first to run over and help you." Finn increasingly abandoned his clubhouse responsibilities to De Sapio, who by the summer of 1939 had built up a sufficient following to establish a rival club over a saloon on Seventh Avenue and run against his former patron as "The People's Friend." De Sapio won the election, but Tammany refused to seat him. When, shortly afterwards, his followers charged that he had been back negotiating with Finn for a job with General Sessions Judge John F. Freschi, presumably in return for abandoning his club, they tried him, one recalls, before a kangaroo court in the law office of Judge Thomas Chimera. It has been reported that the proceedings reduced De Sapio to tears. He quit the job and managed to survive until 1943, when Finn fell out of favor in the Hall and De Sapio was finally seated.

De Sapio's enemies will tell you that he was originally seated and later made leader at the request of Frank Costello; his *real* enemies add that even Costello had to be talked into the latter by a racketeer named Longie Zwillman. But although his friendship with members of the "unofficial bar association," as it is known, has been well documented, no one has ever been able to prove much more than friendship. And whoever De Sapio's sponsors may have been, he himself showed characteristic agility in turning up on the winning side of the interminable struggles that marked the faction-ridden Hall of the 1940's, while his opponents had a way of doing things wrong. He began as a trusted lieutenant of Clarence Neal, the power behind the first two leaders under whom he served, and later sided with a rival group under Frank Sampson that ousted Neal in the so-called "Irish Rebellion." ("The Irish Rebellion," one of its Jewish casualties has explained to me, "was essentially an Italian situation.") Finally De Sapio helped to oust Sampson.

The enemies De Sapio naturally acquired in the course of all this only failed to oust him in turn, during Mayor Impellitteri's term, as a result of Impellitteri's own ineptitude in patronage matters. It was not, in fact, until Ed Flynn's death left De Sapio the only county leader to whom a newly elected Mayor Wagner was beholden in 1953 and until Averell Harriman was elected governor the following year that De Sapio was able to consolidate the shaky leadership that he had inherited in 1949. Even then, at its height, his power was something of an illusion.

To a certain extent, the illusory nature of De Sapio's strength in the mid-1950's can be explained as a result of the public-relations efforts of Sidney S. Baron, who undertook to improve his image as well as that of Tammany Hall itself. Baron was more or less successful in his efforts. But neither the organization nor its leader had undergone anything like the reconstruction that many citizens found themselves applauding in those days, and trouble was waiting to erupt.

It is a widely held theory that De Sapio, via Sidney Baron, doomed himself by "coming into the open" as a public figure, trying to be a boss and a statesman at the same time. De Sapio's elegant clothes, uneven accent, and ponderous phrases (he accused the New York *Times* last fall of the "fallacy of the undistributed middle") failed to impress his well-born critics even as they were getting on the nerves of those who knew him when. "When he'd say 'puhsonal' for 'poisonal,'" one of them told me, "I'd say, 'Chief, give that to Park Avenue.'" "Baron," another complains, "made him think he was Oliver Wendell Holmes."

But putting on airs has been common to bosses at least since the days of Richard Croker, and the linguistic efforts of Croker's successor, Charles F. Murphy, prompted one foe to speculate that it was only a matter of time until, "When you go to him for a job it'll be, 'Ah really cawn't do it, old chappie.'" Croker and Murphy survived, and so did Ed Flynn, whose control of the Bronx was not menaced by the public positions he held. De Sapio's authority, however, was neither based on the political strength of a Croker nor the personal skill of a Flynn.

More Broker Than Boss

Even when he had the "marbles," De Sapio was at the mercy of too many other people. "Carmine was at the top of the ladder," one former district leader has said, "but the ladder was shaky." "He never had enough *free* power in his hands," is the way a local reporter puts it. The leadership of the Executive Committee of the New York County Democratic Committee—to give Tammany Hall its formal title—is at best a precarious job, since the leader has no fixed term of office and may be deposed at any time by a sufficient number of disgruntled subordinates. Presumably he keeps them happy with jobs. The same is true of his ascendancy over the leaders of the other four counties. It lasts exactly as long as his special access to patronage does.

Wagner chose to recognize De Sapio as city leader at a time when the other counties were in disarray. But, as it turned out, the other county leaders—Charles Buckley of the Bronx in particular—followed De Sapio only when it suited their convenience, and it wasn't always clear who was following whom. The county leaders were quite willing, as were groups within the Hall such as the Negroes and the Irish, to deal directly with the mayor or even with national candidates when it seemed profitable. Habit and the need to satisfy a growing number of willful and totally different elements within the party led De Sapio to function more as a broker than as a boss.

For one thing, De Sapio never "won" his power but rather had it lent him—with conditions. And his arsenal of weapons was always small. In return for his recognition, a boss is supposed to be able to deliver the vote and, even more important, to withhold it. De Sapio could do neither, a fact that Mayor Wagner and former Governor Harriman were somewhat slow to learn. The myth of the machine had been shattered before in New York, and the reasons for its decline are well known. Party jobs these days may win loyalty among party workers,

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but they don't win independent votes. The machine may be able to bring out the faithful, but it has no way of keeping the growing number of infidels at home.

It was widely assumed that De Sapio, the first Italian leader of Tammany, would be able to command great support from what is now the largest single nationality group in the state. But he failed. De Sapio himself was never so much a part of the Italian community as of the Italian *Tammany* community, and years of supporting La Guardia had fostered a certain independence among Italian-American voters. According to Edward Corsi, there is a widespread feeling among them that De Sapio was victimized because he was an Italian, but although they used to applaud him roundly at their banquets, they didn't necessarily vote for his candidates.

If De Sapio lacked a political base of power, he also lacked a good deal of the needed skill. His charm, tenacity, and luck, plus the willingness of people from Dan Finn to Averell Harriman to let him look after things for them, may have carried him to the top of the heap in local politics, but they were not enough to make him into a state or national leader. De Sapio was always better, in fact, at guessing the outcome of a close district vote than at choosing candidates or calculating the larger effect of his own actions. His reputation for picking winners was based on the elections of Wagner as mayor and Harriman as governor, and probably his political intelligence was exaggerated. Ed Flynn was responsible for the choice of Wagner in 1953, and De Sapio, who needed Flynn to ratify his judgeship choices at the time, had every reason to go along. By the same token, Harriman's candidacy is said to have owed a great deal to the Liberal Party's distaste for his opponent for the Democratic nomination, Franklin Roosevelt, Jr. When De Sapio was called on to calculate for himself, he often made grievous political errors. He completely underestimated the strength of former Senator Herbert Lehman, for example. And no matter how many dinners he gave at "21" followed by evenings at the prizefights for other state figures, he was never adept as a national politician. He was still figuring how to make New York State's 114 votes crucial at the Democratic national convention when the Kennedys already had most of them.

The Man Who Couldn't Say No

Whether or not De Sapio's power was ever real, the illusion of it was real at one time, and the combined myths of a "new" Tammany, a strong machine, and an indomitable and clever boss would have been enough for many a politician to build an empire on. But De Sapio's use of power was always defensive.

Although "the image of bossism" became a successful campaign cry, De Sapio wasn't really much of a boss. His failure to delegate authority, his inaccessibility ("The only place I can see him is on television," a district leader once complained), his habit of keeping those who were not in the inner court waiting for hours to see him—all these traits appear to have proceeded from vanity and lack of confidence rather than actual strength.

In an interview some years ago, De Sapio's wife remarked that she had never heard him say "No." As a matter of fact, as leader of the Hall he rarely did. "I never bullied these fellows," De Sapio told me. "I could get a lot of things done and not be bossy." His Tammany critics, however, came to take a dim view of his yea-saying after a while. "He lulled you to sleep," one told me, and another insisted that "Some people beat you up, but De Sapio tickles a guy to death." He had a way of putting off supplicants and ducking the responsibility for final decisions. According to former State Senator John Farrell, the phrase "Let's play it by ear" became a sort of clubhouse joke about De Sapio. He would put off a decision on a job for months at a time in the hope of maintaining the loyalty of all the people who were angling for it. In the beginning he kept everybody happy. At the end he began to make them all mad.

Procrastination and soft sell suited De Sapio's role as he saw it. He was above all a balancer of competing claims and obligations. He rarely initiated action; he reacted to it. "Carmine," says Joe Sullivan, an old friend who fell out with him a few years ago, "never took care of his friends, only his enemies." It was undoubtedly this negative approach to power—buying off one group, paying off another—that assured his comparatively long survival as Tammany leader. His record is one of endless concessions. When a group of old-line leaders rebelled against his choice for surrogate in 1956, he backed down and took their man. At the same time De Sapio rightly claims credit for many organizational reforms that were carried out during his time, and he was also responsible in the early 1950's for seating some of the young reform-minded leaders who were later to form the nucleus of the group determined to oust him. He was criticized for his efforts in this direction by Tammany veterans and got little gratitude from the reformers themselves.

For a time though, it looked as if it would work. De Sapio had a kind of minute-by-minute way of dealing with problems and didn't seem to see the trouble that was coming. In 1955 the reform movement had made little headway and De Sapio was in favor at City Hall and in Albany, and he is said to have told a regular district leader who ques-

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tioned his friendliness toward one of the reformers not to worry: the fellow never asked for anything except for himself.

But the Volunteers for Stevenson movement in 1956 left in its wake a great deal of animosity between the regular organization and the irregular Stevensonians, and a few Stevenson clubs were converted into insurgent groups. It was at this point that the shape of the inevitable battle became clear. De Sapio himself had run in 1939 in response to "the demands of the liberal and progressive factions of the Democratic district organization," as a campaign announcement put it, and in 1953 his backing of Wagner had earned him something of a reputation for political liberalism. But it is doubtful that De Sapio ever took ideology much more seriously than he took his alliances. When convenience and necessity dictated it, he later switched casually over to the conservative side.

One of the reform leaders who admires De Sapio has described him as a "consensus man." "De Sapio," he says, "never liked a close vote, and if it looked like it would be close, he would adjourn the meeting and work behind the scenes to get 'consensus.' After the consensus, came the vote." It was as a "consensus" man who could keep everyone happy and thereby save his own skin that De Sapio had functioned as leader of the Hall, and that was the way he tried to operate in the larger party struggle.

The most important quality of a political leader, De Sapio told me, is his ability "to decipher what the people want." Party leaders must choose candidates "in terms of public approbation." He no longer thinks he could have mediated the quarrel, but the important point is that in the conflict of political ideas just as in the accommodation of petty ambitions, he always saw his power as the reflection of what other people were saying and doing.

Off to Buffalo

Trying to reflect the will of the Democratic Party in New York could drive the best of men mad. And in a way, De Sapio, who had little political purpose beyond sustaining himself in office and who was himself

innocent of political ideas, may have been a perfect reflection of the party in the period he led it. The Democratic Party in New York City does not, after all, formulate policy that its elected officials can be expected to stand for or carry out. Increasingly, what is achieved in the city and the state is the result of prodding by labor unions, the Liberal Party, civic groups, churches, Negro organizations, and other special-interest groups.

Where issues do have meaning—at the national level—the New York party is split between two factions that may be described, in admittedly oversimplified terms, as Irish conservatives and Jewish liberals. This split grew wider in the twelve years of De Sapio's leadership, and he could neither mediate nor, ultimately, turn it to his advantage. Eventually, it brought him down.

Traditionally, a boss's relationship to programs and candidates in New York City is one of simple expediency—programs and candidates should win elections, strengthen the organization, and obligate the candidate to the boss. There is no evidence that De Sapio was thinking in any terms but these at the Buffalo state party convention of 1958. It seemed clear according to all the rules that the Senatorial candidate should be an Irish Catholic, and of those available, Frank Hogan, the New York District Attorney, was an obvious good choice. His nomination satisfied the other county leaders in the city as well as some of the party's financial backers who had been urging his candidacy for higher office for many years. Hogan was a political "moderate" with a record of bipartisan endorsement and thereby had a good chance to win.

There have been many charges of bad faith and deviousness in the negotiations that preceded the convention. On one side, it is claimed that De Sapio sewed up the delegates for Hogan while professing neutrality to Governor Harriman and Mayor Wagner. On the other side, it is claimed that the governor and the mayor professed to accept Hogan and suddenly changed their minds. Actually, the governor and the mayor *were* indecisive—an indecision largely ascribable to their own respective Presidential and senatorial ambitions.

It was a situation that seemed ideally suited to De Sapio's talent for strengthening his hand on the basis of other people's ineptitude and confusion. But in the past he had always had an equally good instinct for knowing when to back down. This time, with a candidate he thought would win and the delegates to support him, he clearly saw no reason why he should. He failed to appreciate the fury, seriousness, and strength of the people he proceeded to offend.

IT HAS BEEN SAID that if Frank Hogan (who ran well ahead of Harriman in his bid for re-election against Nelson Rockefeller) had won the election, there would have been no anti-De Sapio movement. More to the point, if either of the candidates belatedly supported by Harriman and Wagner had been nominated, there probably would have been no such movement. For although there was little to be said for De Sapio's description of the convention ("Through long and arduous hours of free and open discussion—of spirited and searching debate—the delegates came to a decision"), there was even less to be said for the charges of bossism laid to De Sapio by people who didn't for a moment want an open convention, but only wanted the boss to deliver the delegates to another candidate.

It was in the nature of De Sapio's tenuous leadership, built too much on myth and obligation in the first place, that he would lose the public-

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relations war that followed. De Sapio came to be blamed finally for everything that was wrong in the city and the party, and by 1959 a narrow sticker inscribed "De Sapio's Choice" stuck onto a candidate's poster was enough to sink him—a fact that did not escape the attention of Mayor Wagner, who broke with De Sapio early in 1960.

For the first time there simply weren't any concessions De Sapio could make. When he chose a reformer to run for state committeeman in his own district in 1959, he succeeded only in antagonizing his own camp while the reformers promptly nominated *another* reformer to run against "De Sapio's Choice" and beat him. "There's nothing you can give him," Joe Sullivan says he warned De Sapio about Senator Lehman in 1958. And in large part, the success of the reformers and their allies in last fall's city election was due to their finding in Lehman a real boss of their own—one who was not above knocking heads together; who, unlike De Sapio, was able to say "No"; and who didn't retreat from the dictates of his own political canniness even when his own troops occasionally turned on him and hollered "boss."

UNDER the new dispensation, New York Democrats have been assured that reform has come to stay in both the city and the party. The mayor now has the marbles, as they say, and he has promised that henceforth policy will be made by elected and responsible government officials, not by party hacks.

But having laid at De Sapio's door the responsibility for almost all the world's ills since Vesuvius erupted, the people who put him out may find themselves at a loss for someone to blame for everything that is wrong from now on. More important, they may find themselves, like De Sapio, unable to do much about it.

Aimless in policy and empty of allegiance, De Sapio was in many ways ideally suited to be the leader of New York's Democrats. He solved none of the massive political problems of a city that seems more and more ungovernable, but it remains to be seen whether his successors will have either the wisdom or the power to do any better.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Bergman's Bag of Tricks

MICHAEL ROEMER

THE FILMS of Ingmar Bergman have probably attracted more attention internationally than the work of any other moviemaker since the war. Born in 1918, he directed his first feature at twenty-seven and at forty-three has just completed his twenty-third film. With two exceptions, Bergman has written his own screenplays, and his output represents, to a degree that is unusual in the industry, a highly personal—one might almost say private—vision.

This vision has attracted large audiences throughout Europe and in the art theaters of the United States. The financial returns, while not spectacular, have been remarkable for a series of films that have made few concessions to conventional form or content. He seems to have struck a note of profound response among highly critical audiences: his work is interpreted in articles and monographs, his scripts published in book form, his films acclaimed not as entertainment but as works of art.

HOWEVER, it was not until 1956 and the appearance of *Smiles of a Summer Night* at the Cannes Festival that Bergman became well known outside Sweden. His first fifteen films were not widely seen until he had acquired an international reputation. Those that were shown in the United States are, for the most part, realistic and contemporary accounts of the relationship between the sexes, the psychology of women and the complexities of love (*Three Strange Loves, Secrets of Women, Monika, Illicit Interlude, Dreams*). *A Lesson in Love* is a charming and sometimes hilarious comedy on the same themes. Only in *The Naked Night,* a strange tale of a theatrical troupe in the nineteenth century, did one find the private world and its haunted metaphysics that we have come to associate with Bergman.

There are many moments in these early films—such as the opening of *Three Strange Loves,* in which the camera follows a sleepless woman as she paces back and forth in a hotel room like a caged animal—that show his instinctive grasp of the medium. Flashbacks are used imaginatively. There is a nervous tension, a restlessness, a constant questioning and probing that give the stories a distinctly modern surface. The psychological detail is often precise and persuasive: an unmarried pregnant

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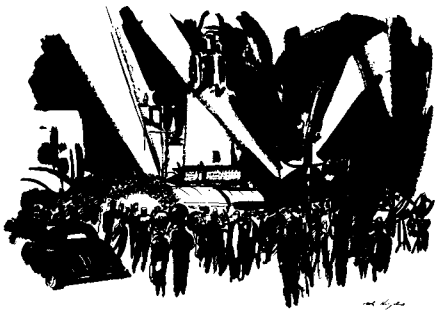
girl on her way to the hospital sees a stranger through a frosted glass door and his distorted face seems to her like the face of death. The handling of the actors is assured and subtle. There is an awareness of setting and mood, a facility for staging, a freedom from structural and technical clichés. But while one senses an original and perceptive mind at work, these films do not claim, or pretend to claim, our attention as autonomous works of art. The reality of the people and their situation is hardly ever fully sustained or deeply penetrated. The stories remain easy (if interesting) exercises on modern themes and seldom transcend the level of intelligent entertainment.

In *Smiles of a Summer Night* (1955), Bergman continues his exploration of love but abandons the contemporary scene for the Stockholm of 1901. The story traces the intertwined paths of four mismated couples who change partners with the grace of an eighteenth-century court dance and reassemble into a happier constellation. The realistic approach of the early films is replaced by a style that is frankly theatrical. The plot features overheard conversations, a duel, the encounter of rivals in a lady's apartment, and a mechanized bed that travels from one room to another to the accompaniment of a music box. The dialogue is aphoristic and literary, the performances highly polished and stylized. There are relatively few close-ups, the people are always seen as part of the decor, and there is a corresponding absence of physical detail, of texture and concrete experience. Only occasionally, as in a charming wrestling match between two young girls, does the physical world break out of the carefully composed images and draw one into the action. Most of the time one senses the proscenium arch just beyond the edges of the frame.

Unlike Jean Renoir in *A Day in the Country* (1938), where the late nineteenth-century setting is rendered in totally realistic and physical terms (a picnic by the river, a girl in a swing, rain on the water), Bergman deliberately heightens the period effects in his story. He is rendering not the actuality of a period as concrete and physical as



our own but evoking a past that never was.

His theatrical skill and vitality succeed in sustaining the mood. The actors, expertly chosen from the repertory group with which he works on stage as well as screen, carry out perfectly their various assignments: the women intelligent, vital, down-to-earth; the men arid, pompous, and ineffectual. But what holds the fragile material together is Bergman's personal conviction; it casts an air of reality over the improbable proceedings and endows the swans on the dark water, the croquet games, and the carriages that disappear down tree-lined alleys with a nostalgic charm that is hard to resist.

Under the charm there is comment about life and love, the heart of Bergman's conviction, the reason he is telling the story. It is something one can forget most of the time, but now and then it asserts itself and comes close to wrecking the party. A few dark phrases from wine-loosened tongues, a sudden melodramatic turn in the plot, and the charm is dissipated into heavy philosophizing. Happily these moments are few, and the delicate structure is not made to bear the burden of too much thought.

In *The Seventh Seal* (1956), Bergman's personal preoccupations can no longer be ignored: they occupy center stage. A medieval knight, returned from the crusades, seeks the meaning of life in a world racked by disease, superstition, and cruelty. He meets suffering and death at every turn, and his questions remain unanswered even as he himself joins the endless dance of death.

The rendering of reality is subjective. Antonius Block is no medieval knight but a modern man trying to find his way past doubt and despair. He moves through a series of allegorical encounters—with a group of traveling actors, a procession of flagellants, a young woman about to burned as a witch, and with Death himself—as if in a dream. While the setting and some of the detail are treated realistically, no attempt is made to give the story an objective reality. The sequence of events is not logical but subjective: what happens does not happen *to* Block but *inside* him.

"A film for me," Bergman has said, "begins with something very vague —a chance remark or a bit of conversation, a hazy but agreeable event unrelated to any particular situation . . . These are split-second impressions that disappear as quickly as they come, yet leave behind a mood —like pleasant dreams. It is a mental state, not an actual story, but one abounding in fertile associations and images. Most of all, it is a brightly colored thread sticking out of the dark sack of the unconscious. If I begin to wind up the thread, and do it carefully, a complete film will emerge."

Without wishing to question the often profound relationship between the origins of art and the unconscious, one wonders whether Bergman has left out an essential step: the substantiation or concretion of his material. By using images and feelings in the very form and sequence in which they evidently emerge out of his unconscious, he is building a highly subjective structure that runs the danger of being shapeless and unstable. In a medium that communicates through concrete situations and physical realities, he is depending on abstractions and a highly personal imagery.

The Seventh Seal, in spite of its visual preoccupation with gouging, branding, and burning, has a curiously abstract quality. The dialogue is literary. Shortly before the end the knight—aware that he must die—shares a meal with the young actors. "I shall always remember this moment," he says. "The silence, the twilight, the bowls of strawberries and milk, your faces in the evening light. Mikhael sleeping, Jof with his lyre. I'll try to remember what we have talked about. I'll carry this memory between my hands as carefully as if it were a bowl filled to the brim with fresh milk. And it

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will be an adequate sign—it will be enough for me." Without this lengthy explanation, one would have no insight into the feelings of Antonius Block; the situation itself does not render them. In Kurosawa's *Living* a man who is dying of cancer stops on his way home from work to look at the evening sky. "It's beautiful," he says to his companion, "but I have no time." No further explanation is needed, for the man and his feelings are clear.

In *The Seventh Seal* what happens on the screen, moment after moment, is essentially a series of conventions: conventions of action, dialogue, imagery. Most moviemakers, by setting up a sequence of incidents and images that have a proven effect, play on the feelings of their audience —very much as a writer of detective fiction plays on their curiosity. The feelings are not rendered; they are simply cited; they do not find their own vocabulary but use the secondhand language that most films share, a language that is changed only when the audience no longer responds.

If at first glance the action and imagery of *The Seventh Seal* seem original, it is largely because Bergman is working with conventions that are unfamiliar in motion pictures and because he uses them with obvious conviction. Horses against the sea, the black-robed figure of Death, stormy skies, dark forests, chiaroscuro landscapes, towns emptied by plague—an entire arsenal of nineteenth-century romantic imagery is mustered with great skill and feeling. We are susceptible to these images because the screen gives them an appearance of dimension and reality they have long lost in painting and literature. We are susceptible, furthermore, because Bergman uses them to conjure up the great themes of life and art: suffering, joy, death, love, youth, faith, good and evil. But just as the images are essentially hollow and derivative, so the vast metaphysical scope of the film is nothing more than a sincere but thin evocation of great themes. The thematic material, Block's questions about the meaning of life, are —like the imagery—used as a kind of incantation: lulling and effective until one begins to examine them. While the intention is undoubtedly serious and the effect often hypnotic, the film is vague and takes place in limbo.

With *Wild Strawberries* (1957), widely held to be his finest picture, Bergman returns to the twentieth century. Dr. Isak Borg, in his seventy-sixth year, has been called a cold and selfish man who has placed his work above all human considerations. On his way to Lund, where he is to be awarded an honorary degree, Borg lives again through certain critical moments in his life, wanders back into the past to find the wellspring of his loneliness. The story subtly blends present-day reality—the car trip with his daughter-in-law Marianne, an encounter with a group of hitchhiking students, a visit to his aged mother—with memories of the past: the summer when young Borg lost his girl to his brother because he was too cold and intellectual for her, and the night, years later, when his wife deceived him for the same reasons. While it is too late for an old man with a cold heart to do much more than recognize his fate, Borg finds some contact with life in a new understanding with Marianne and with his son. The film ends with an extraordinary dream image in which Borg comes upon his own parents,

far younger than he is himself, sitting by a sun-drenched lake. He calls to them; they wave back; and so the past and present are finally reconciled and the bitterness in his heart is resolved.

The situation is objective, the style realistic. While the scenes of Borg's past, like the evocation of the Middle Ages in *The Seventh Seal*, are vague rather than concrete there is a valid reason: they are personal memories, suffused with nostalgia. The interplay between past and present and the informal development of the story give the film scope without setting it adrift. Bergman's loose associative style effectively renders the blurred boundary between reverie and reality in the mind of an old man. If there are ill-defined characterizations in the screenplay—Borg's coldness of heart is stated but never explored or demonstrated—the subtly shaded performances make up for them.

All of the scenes are credible; many of them—notably the encounter between Borg and his aged mother and the ceremony in which he is awarded the honorary degree—have the concrete quality that is missing in *Smiles of a Summer Night* and *The Seventh Seal*. The one sequence that seems false and derivative is the nightmare that opens the story. Borg dreams that he is in a deserted street with all its doors and windows shuttered tight. He looks up at a clock that has no hands and pulls out his own watch only to find that its hands are missing also. A man appears on a corner with his head averted; when he turns, he has no face. A glass hearse comes down the street and spills a coffin that opens; Borg approaches and discovers his own body in the coffin; the corpse comes to life and tries to pull him in.

The surrealist images are invoked so badly that the effect is hollow and melodramatic rather than frightening. In Carl Dreyer's *Vampire* (1931) there is a similar dream in which a man enters a room with a coffin in it and discovers that he himself is the corpse. The camera then assumes the point of view of the dead man: we look up at the ceiling; voices approach; two workmen put down the lid with a small glass window. One of them places a candle on the glass and, talking indistinctly, they plane down the edges of the wood; the shavings fall onto the window. Then we are lifted up, pass close under the ceiling, through the doorway, beneath the sunlit roofs of a small town and out into the open sky. Here the images, like the concluding scene of *Wild Strawberries*, have a life of their own; they render an experience instead of invoking it.

In *The Magician* (1958), we are

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back in the past. The story, set in 1846, relates the encounter between a traveling mesmerist, Vogler, and a skeptical man of science, Dr. Vergerus. At first there is little doubt that Vogler, with his faith in the supernatural, is on the winning side. Dead men walk again and an old woman accurately predicts a murder and a suicide. But Vogler turns out to be a charlatan, just as Vergerus had predicted, and his tricks work only on semi-hysterical women—and on the audience.

The film plays very successfully on our own uncertainties; it is an effective piece of cinematic mesmerism. The scenes are played *at* the audience; the situations have no validity within themselves and serve simply to put us through a series of thrills with metaphysical overtones: now you believe, now you don't. To read meaning into the action seems futile; it is so obviously tricky and inconsistent. The characters, the dialogue, the conflict between reason and the supernatural may hint at significance, but the story does not bear them out. It is a joke, inventively and skillfully told; but like all extended jokes, particularly those of the shaggy dog variety, it tends to be a little disappointing—very much as if Salome, after removing the seventh veil, had not revealed herself but had simply disappeared altogether.

The Virgin Spring (1959) is no joke. The story is based on a medieval legend. A young girl on her way to church is raped and murdered by three shepherds. They flee but stop overnight at her father's house, where the garments they have taken from her are recognized. The father, who is a deeply religious man, kills them in cold violence and, perhaps for the first time in his life, questions God: "You permitted it and I don't understand You." But when he takes his daughter home for burial, a spring miraculously wells out of the ground where she has lain and he kneels down in worship.

What is one to make of this archaic story told by a twentieth-century skeptic as if he believed every moment of it? Is it a serious effort to deal with the relationship between God and the existence of evil? If so, it is phrased in such simple attitudes that it loses all relevance to the world of today. Bergman himself, living in a time of concentration camps and atomic destruction, cannot possibly see an answer to one of the profoundest metaphysical problems in a medieval miracle.

It is a curiously cold and predictable film. The violence is cold, the lust is cold, the challenge to God is cold and intellectual. The mechanism, once it has been set in motion by the rape, runs its predictable course, and neither Bergman's theatrical skill nor his flair for setting and mood can breathe life into the artifact. The very simplicity of the legend turns against him. For at the heart of the story, where a deep faith once gave life and meaning to the action, there is now a void. Bergman does not believe it; nor do we.

The film can only be understood as an exercise in style, an interesting reconstruction of a remote past and of the attitudes that governed it. But the style is too cold, and the imagery, in spite of the undeniable effectiveness of brutality on the screen, is not persuasive. A climactic moment, in which the grief-stricken father seems to challenge God and His entire creation by shaking a birch tree and wailing into the sky, is so deliberate, so literary, so carefully composed into a monolithic long shot, that we are far more aware of Bergman's intentions than of the despairing protagonist.

IN *The Devil's Eye* (1959), the Bergman film now showing in the States, the master of hell is profoundly distressed by the existence of a virgin in a remote Swedish parsonage. Don Juan is dispatched to put an end to her innocence but falls in love with her and fails. For his version of hell, Bergman borrows heavily and rather imaginatively from the traditional literature on the subject: the devil is urbane and witty, the decor a mixture of modern and eighteenth-century elegance, and the musical background is provided by Scarlatti. Above ground, the realistic treatment of the girl and her family comes into open conflict with the theatrically styled visitors from below. This might not be disturbing if the story were offered as light entertainment. But Bergman makes it a vehicle for dubious aphorisms about love and life, and the people are made to dance to a penny-whistle philosophy. It is almost as if all the flaws of Bergman had come to roost in one film to make a parody of his work. Even the physical production has a flimsy, careless appearance, and there are curious lapses of taste: long, embarrassing scenes in which Don Juan's sidekick seduces the minister's wife, and an equally foolish bit in which Don Juan is punished for his failure by having to listen to the sounds in the girl's bedroom on the night of her wedding. The subjective logic that holds most of Bergman's later work together and functions as its animating force is here carried to its extreme: personal preoccupations are jerry-built into a pretentious structure that has no objective validity whatever.

A CRITICAL VIEW of these films cannot ignore the great esteem in which they are held by people who are highly selective in their tastes. But perhaps they are taken in by what appears to be art: the vast themes, the yearning metaphysical concern, the incantatory images. Bergman's gift for the medium and the persuasive powers of the screen are such that the insubstantiality of the material is overlooked in the headlong rush of impressions. When sensuous imagery is combined with speculations about the nature of life and death, it is easy to assume that we are face to face with art. But the films do not come to grips with the great issues they invoke. They are a flight from them—an escape into a subjective realm where facts and matter are of no account, where we are borne along on a stream of moody images and poetic speeches, "like pleasant dreams." We are willing collaborators: it is no accident that Bergman's realistic and contemporary efforts have been not nearly as popular as his excursions into a past that never was.

From Sweden comes word that he considers his twenty-third film, *Through a Glass, Darkly*, his first totally successful work: "Opus One." One cannot help but be interested in this prolific, serious, and greatly gifted man even if his work so far lacks the essential step that would turn superior entertainment into art.

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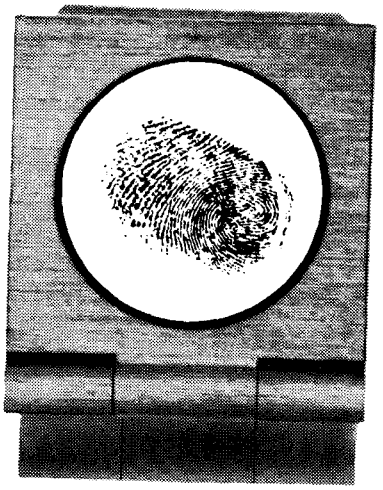
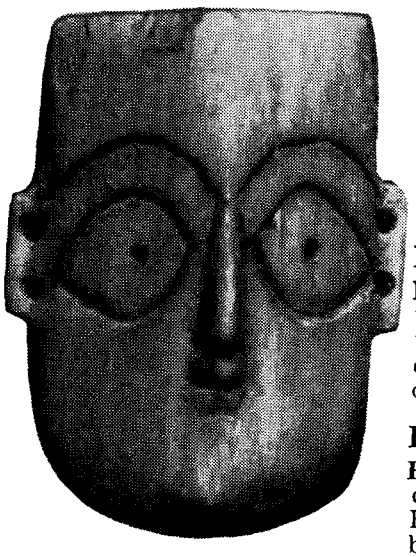
Harvard Books on Man's Laws and Customs





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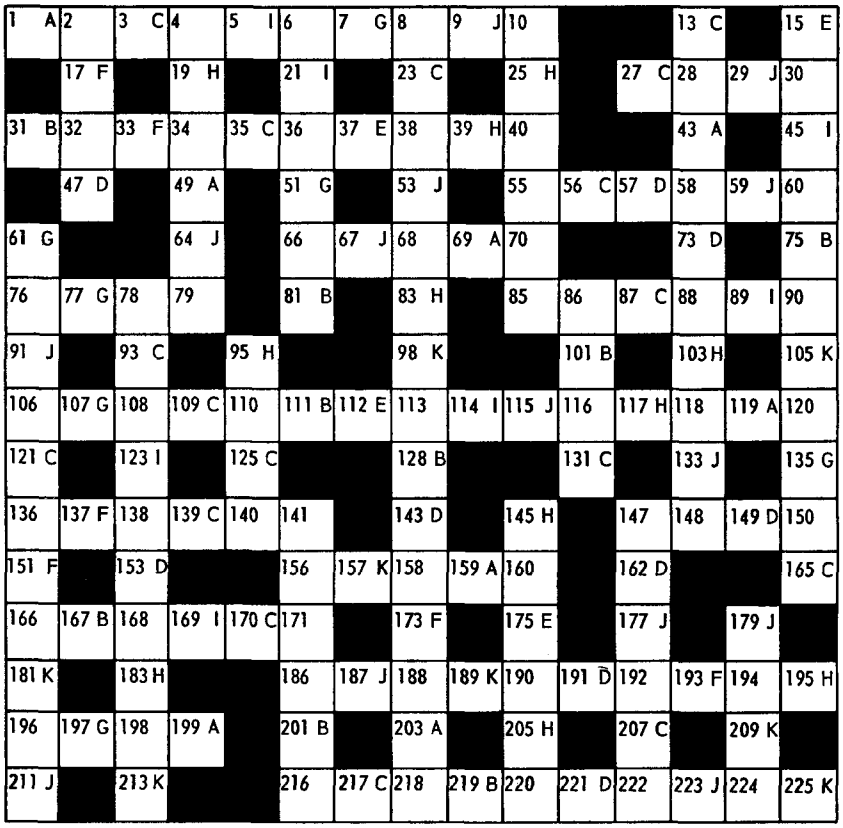
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 49

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.



A. 1 43 49 119 69 159 203 199
"The ____ and most loathed worldly life..."
Shakespeare, Measure for Measure.

B. 219 11 128 81 101 167 76 201 31
Of a kind of geometrical figure.

C. 109 35 207 23 87 121 125 3 93 13 27 165 131 139 170 217 56
People of the Acrostician might be so described. (8,2,7)

D. 162 153 191 221 47 143 57 149 73
"Traveller". (4,5)

E. 37 175 15 112 The cassava (alt. sp.).

F. 151 193 173 17 33 137
American writer (1842–1914?).

G. 7 107 61 197 51 135 77
Channels or grooves cut in wood.

H. 25 83 145 183 195 19 117 95 205 39 103
One who signs his name.

I. 21 89 123 5 45 169 114
Secured by underhand methods (Brit. slang.).

J. 29 9 211 67 133 91 115 177 223 53 187 179 64 59
What Aeneas found in Book II of the Aeneid. (4,2,8)

K. 98 181 189 213 209 157 105 225
A glass container used in chemistry. (4,4)

Across

1. The Acrostician's bailiwick. (4,6)
27. Modify? My, no! The dog's about.
31. Blue bloods or the services that appear at a formal dinner? (7,3)
55. Lead me, for I'm enameled.
66. A bird may steal in.
76. A North Carolina county is in a lashed-up condition.
85. Lights out for what the sailor may have next to his heart.
106. The brain lasts each time long enough for furnishings. (6,3,6)
136. Yield and borrowed again.
147. A ruffle may easily hold or run off.
156. Every inch a king!
166. Seared green.
186. Humbling a number hurrying.
196. A tuba about to lean on.
216. Find a grill in the rites 2 down and I make.

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Down

2. A Greek god described in the Rosetta Stone.
4. One great assorting by quality.
6. An actress comes in.
8. Aunt's battle lost but the finality is not the worst. (4,3,3,5)
10. Two ants mixed up while swimming.
13. The airlift led to the flatland equivalent of a road test. (5,5)
15. Not sea food hot under collar but bolder colts. (4,7)
61. This Southern dish seems to be both what you start with and what you finish with. (6,5)
78. A lame person departs as a 1911 headline might read. (7,3)
86. A pain a teacher might have.
95. Kind of hammer used by escapee novices.
141. This kind of bullet is a follow-up, not a second shot.
145. Held self-evident, but questioned in the singular by Pilate.
147. A widening out to keep us on the rails.
179. Ain't opposed.

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Little Brothers Is Watching You

MARYA MANNES

"I WILL RETURN in a moment to speak about sleep jumping and how to be more popular," Dr. Joyce Brothers said comfortingly on my TV screen not long ago. But it was too late for comfort, for I had just learned from her how to tell if my husband is unfaithful, and my little world was crashing around my ears.

All my techniques of detection were now out of date. Do not look for lipstick marks, she said; he takes care of that. And don't worry because he's late at the office; it's during the Long Lunch that they Do It these days. Do you think he really took that plane to Miami for the convention? No sirree. He took a cab to Idlewild, turned back, and met his loved one for a city agenda. You think his new-found enthusiasm for sporting weekends is genuine? Ha! The sport is there but not on the slopes.

But Dr. Brothers saved her real shocker for the end. Have you been thinking, she asked of all trembling wives, that his recent lack of attention was a sign of outside interests? Oh no. The fellow who becomes suddenly *more* attentive is the one to watch.

I turned the set off and slumped in my chair. Must I now monitor his lunches? Should I discourage weekend exercise? Should I welcome his exhaustion and repulse his interest? Or should I merely learn to Be More Popular? Dr. Brothers would know.

DR. BROTHERS knows everything. She should. She has a fifteen-hundred-book library, is a registered psychologist, and won $134,000 on the unlamented quiz shows of five years ago by remembering (honestly) in what round Fats Gomez knocked out Slug Perez in 1943. Viewers were knocked out, too. Here was this demure little blonde in her twenties who had total recall in a man's world and was a psychologist (registered) too. Duly awed, NBC hired her then and there to tell a suffering public what was the matter with it and what to do about it. So profusely did viewers cry on her television shoulder that Dr. Brothers was called upon to soothe them twice daily: at 1:30 P.M. and late at night after the *Jack Paar Show*. At first, Dr. Brothers devoted her daytime show to bed-wetting, sibling rivalry, and tired wives, reserving the wee morning hours for frigidity, impotence, and other subjects men might enjoy. Apparently in the course of time she gave the gentlemen all they could take, and now, instead of this nightly annex, Dr. Brothers's only additional show is on Saturdays at six, when the whole family can benefit from thumb sucking and sleep jumping.

Now this is not meant unkindly, for Dr. Brothers works very hard, is patently sincere, and says nothing that is not eminently reasonable. Furthermore, she combines a junior-high-school freshness with the sympathetic sobriety of an older sister, alternating a suitable gravity ("Dr. Brothers, my son, sixteen, wears my hats") with dimpling humor ("My husband thinks my skirts are too short"). Of the two thousand letters sent to her each week, she has an aide read four or five aloud, and answers each with a flow of counsel that she has written down on notes before her but seldom needs to refer to. Nothing fazes Dr. Brothers, nothing ruffles her syntax or her temper. Others might be tempted to tell the mother of a whining child to clout him on the ear. Others, when told "My husband and I used to enjoy marital relations but now it has become routine," might be tempted to reply, "You and who else?," but Dr. Brothers is a constitutional optimist. She will note a number of ways in which interest can be revived and romance recaptured, although the imagination boggles slightly at the studious implementation of her advice by the couple in question.

Part of Dr. Brothers's success (she is syndicated all over the country) lies in her ability to answer complex problems in simple language: she eschews the jargon of psychologists, psychiatrists, and educators. So sim-

the greatest gift..

A CHILD'S LOVE

Elias and his family have no warm clothing, no animals, no land, no savings . . . almost no hope. They live in a primitive mountain village in the north of Lebanon. Elias' father, a day laborer, earns about $20 a month. Elias' mother is dead.

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1939-1950
Robert C. Batchelder

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"KENNEDY'S EARLY *Presidential rhetoric was consistently peremptory: We Must, I Shall, We Shall. Exhilaration, hope and resolution marked the times. But in his recent State of the Union message the President said, 'We sometimes chafe at the burden of our obligations! The musical accompaniment of the Administration started with the Rat Pack and shifted to Pablo Casals. It may yet move on to the Bay Psalm Book.*"
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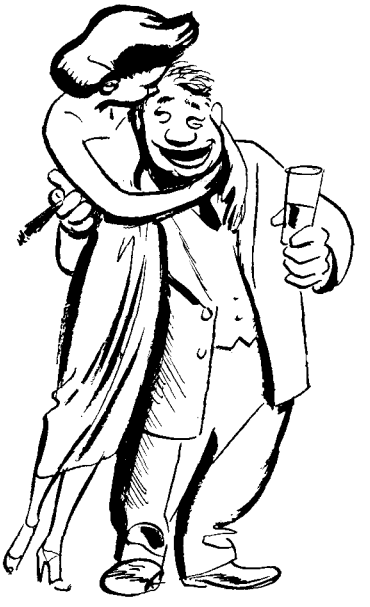
ple, in fact, is her delivery that she might, for all we know, be a new form of computer. The words are evenly spaced, the smiles evenly interspersed, and the rhythm of the emerging tape as regular as a well-behaved baby's breath. Dr. Brothers also has a mechanism for avoiding controversy. She never says "I." Instead it is "Surveys show," "According to the latest reports," or "Experts agree"—a device for shifting responsibility long employed by the journalistic profession with a high degree of success. Furthermore, Dr. Brothers has a positive genius for making private areas public without incurring offense or embarrassment. She does this by a neutralizing process of her own that makes sex a therapy, marriage an investment, and love a word. She can discuss sexual maladjustment as an electrician might discuss a faulty connection, and dispose of male appetite as a form of athlete's foot. That she achieves this with an air of dedicated and genuine sympathy is a small miracle, explaining her long tenure on NBC and her very sizable audience.

WE COME HERE, of course, to the other element of Dr. Brothers's success: us. One of the astonishing things about our mass-communicated society is that we have no one to talk to. I seem to remember that at various troubled periods of my life I bent the ear of friend, relation, or stranger, saying, "Tell me, what do I do about this? Tell me, what do *you* do about this?" And the friend would say, "Well, when that happened to me—" or the aunt would say, "If I were you—" or the stranger would say nothing, or hold my hand.

But now, it seems, thousands can talk to no one but Dr. Franzblau or Mary Haworth or Abby in the newspapers and Dr. Brothers on the air. Trapped in their loneliness, balked by the deaf ear of spouses, having long since consigned their elders to furnished rooms or institutions, where their accumulated experiences benefit none, these men and women cry out their problems to a public ear. "How do you meet a man?" "How should I tell my children the facts of life?" There is, if you will, considerable pathos in the fact that they are so bereft of common sense or imagination that they must ask these questions at all.

Another point worthy of note is that the professional answerers are almost all women. Now it is true that



women are by tradition and usually by nature the listeners, the receivers, the comforters. Wife, mother, teacher, nurse, they wipe the noses or kiss the bruises or cradle the hurts of the human race. For the larger woes of conscience, in contrast, and the specific woes of flesh, the comforters tend to be men: doctor and minister. And for the pain of the psyche, the listener, if not the comforter, is the psychiatrist. Yet these are private counselors of private problems, and what we speak of here are the public counselors, who are women. They speak, in fact, as women, and it is therefore no wonder that the image of man often becomes that of the errant adolescent for whom woman must show tolerance rather than passion. It is perhaps Dr. Brothers's singular virtue that she has on occasion laid the burden of fault on the plaintiff wife rather than on the defendant (and silent) husband. She has even gone so far as to defend the roving eye:

QUESTION: "My husband and I have been married for eight years, but lately he has taken to looking at other women and reading girlie magazines. What should I do?"

Dimpling, Dr. Brothers replied:

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"If you owned the Mona Lisa would you stop going to art galleries and museums and looking at other paintings? What's wrong with looking?"

Now that is clearly in the right direction, although purists might find the analogy questionable. In the first place, Dr. Brothers has not seen the writer of the letter, who for all we know might look like Carry Nation. Even if she looks like Mona Lisa, she might not be any more forthcoming with her favors than that lady with her smile. Maybe her husband is wall-eyed. Maybe he reads *Playboy* for the fiction. In other words, there is a preposterous fallacy in the whole business of public advice without private knowledge: a reduction, remote and by rote, of complex and contradictory factors into simple problems susceptible of simple solutions.

THERE IS THIS to be said, I suppose, for public solvers like Dr. Brothers: they provide group therapy. Instead of nursing your trouble alone you share it with others; and in sharing it find that it is not unique. There are other thumb suckers. There are other stutterers. There are other husbands who fall asleep at nine and other wives who wish they wouldn't. And Dr. Brothers knows precisely what to do about them.

But does she? Dr. Brothers is, to be sure, a college graduate (Cornell) and a Ph.D. (Columbia), and was an assistant in psychology at Columbia and instructor at Hunter. Her total recall has been amply attested to in the quiz shows, her normality by marriage (to a doctor) and motherhood (of a little girl). She has, however, no practice, and by her own admission, no time for parties, movies, the theater, or any activity that would impinge on the hours needed to read her myriad letters, consult her 1,500 books and the latest reports in psychology, and prepare for her six programs a week. Her working days are spent in the studio building.

Whether this is the soil in which wisdom flowers is open to question. Knowledge of man comes from intimacy with man, and a prolonged one at that. And yet here it springs full-blown from the blonde young woman in the cathode tube.

RECORD NOTES

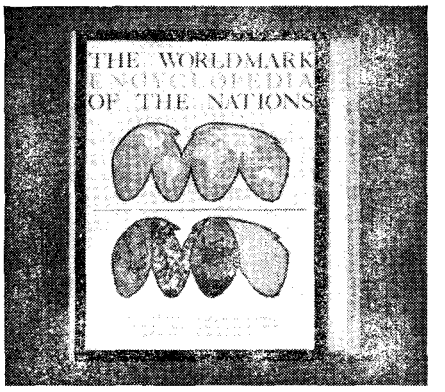
A HISTORY OF JAZZ: THE NEW YORK SCENE. Fletcher Henderson, Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, and others. (*Folkways* RBF RF-3, *$5.95.*)

As an aural companion to a forthcoming Doubleday book with the same title, co-author Samuel Charters has judiciously selected fourteen recordings that illustrate the diversified extent of jazz activity in New York from 1914 to the beginnings of modern jazz in the mid-1940's. Later examples of New York jazz recording are plentiful, but most of Mr. Charters' treasures have been unavailable except on collectors' auction lists. The contents are fascinating historically, and nearly all of them retain musical substance. Among the scarcer items are the nervous 1914 James Reese Europe band with its complement of mandolins, and Mamie Smith's 1920 *Crazy Blues*, which first proved to record companies that there was an eager Negro audience for performers whose harsh short stories were similar to its own. A particularly stimulating rarity is a meeting between pianist James P. Johnson and his pupil Fats Waller (on organ).

There are many insights into the evolution of jazz here, as in the sweeping impact of Louis Armstrong on the previously stiff Fletcher Henderson band, the tentative shaping of a distinctive vocabulary by the 1928 Duke Ellington, and the continuous growth of Coleman Hawkins, who is heard here in a 1944 performance that marked the first recording of Thelonious Monk. The final "Groovin' High" by Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker in the following year proclaimed an explosive expansion of the jazz language—which was related, however, to even the strenuous pre-jazz gropings of James Reese Europe in its insistent rhythmic thrust and the evident conviction of the players that there were limitless new adventures ahead.

THE JAZZ VERSION OF "HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING." Gary McFarland Orchestra. (*Verve* V8443, *$4.98; stereo, $5.98.*)

One of the more unrewarding trends in jazz recordings during the past four years has involved jazz interpreta-



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tions of Broadway scores. Covetous recording directors, mindful of the startling sales of Shelly Manne's *My Fair Lady* album, have tried to alchemize anything on the boards, no matter how flimsy. Nearly all the results have done no credit to the musicians involved and have simply emphasized the generally base condition of American musical comedy. A vivid and witty exception is this extensive reworking of Frank Loesser's rather ordinary songs by Gary McFarland, a young arranger whose growing status in jazz is indicated by his originals in the past year for the Modern Jazz Quartet, Johnny Hodges, and Gerry Mulligan. McFarland's achievement is due partly to the quality of musicians he has assembled and also to his having rewritten this music with specific soloists in mind. He has taken full advantage, for example, of the sardonic bent of trombonist Bob Brookmeyer, the pungent ebullience of trumpeter Clark Terry, and the fierce lyricism of altoist Phil Woods. The band as a whole, moreover, stimulated by the freshness of McFarland's imagination, swings with a zest and spontaneity that are seldom heard any longer in "pure" jazz orchestral sets. This is one instance when brassiness has been turned into hot gold.

BOURBON STREET. Louis Cottrell Trio. (*Riverside* RLP 385, *$4.98; stereo, $5.98.*)

As the jazz elders disappear, certain regional instrumental styles also vanish. Nearly extinct, for example, is the mellifluous New Orleans clarinet vernacular, which was based on Creole fusions of French woodwind practices with flowing jazz rhythms and personalized timbres. Louis Cottrell, fifty-one, is one of the few active experts at this approach. Until recently he was barely known outside New Orleans because he had chosen to remain in the city and only fragments of his work had been recorded. In this album, part of Riverside's *New Orleans: The Living Legends* series, Cottrell is joined by only a guitar and bass. The three fellow townsmen provide an exceptionally relaxed and melodically satisfying program that includes local blues, venerable standards such as "Rose Room" and "Three Little Words," and a spiritual to re-emphasize the scope of the early jazz bands' communal functions. In an era of aggressive electric guitars, it is a delight to hear the crystalline, unamplified playing of Emanuel Sayles, but the core of the album is the liquid ease and mellow resourcefulness of Mr. Cottrell. The clarinetist, incidentally, is also president of New Orleans Local 496, and thereby exemplifies yet another fading tradition—a union official who is still a master craftsman.

HERE'S JAKI. Jaki Byard with Roy Haynes and Ron Carter. (*Prestige/New Jazz* 8256, *$4.98.*)

Despite the relentless quantity of new jazz releases, there are still unique performers who somehow escape documentation. Jaki Byard, nearly forty, has long had a nucleus of admirers among musicians as a pianist and composer, but this is his first album as a leader. Byard, currently hidden in the foundry of the Maynard Ferguson band, reveals on his own a vigorous two-handed orchestral piano technique in contrast with the single-line preoccupation of most modern pianists. There are places, in fact, where he plays direct, affectionate tribute to the stride style of such early "Harlem School" pianists as James P. Johnson and Fats Waller. At the same time, Byard is harmonically advanced, although none of his original works are merely problem-solving. Much of the time, Byard also seems unusually free of the acrid impatience characteristic of some contemporary jazz experimenters. He is capable of unself-conscious, unpredictable romanticism as well as jocular romps. The album is uneven in that there are times when Byard's admiration of a wide variety of pianists is too obvious. But on balance, this is the statement of a thoroughly self-assured musician who has not been hardened by public neglect and whose potential is clearly worth exploring in further releases. Byard receives flexible, attentive support from bassist Ron Carter and drummer Roy Haynes.

—NAT HENTOFF

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BOOKS

Money Matters

WILLIAM LETWIN

THE INHERITORS, by John Tebbel. *Putnam. $5.00.*

Until recently the founders of the great American fortunes have been widely condemned. They have been accused of having made much of their money illegally or at least dishonorably, and of having spent it in noisy and grotesque ways; they resisted, stubbornly and sometimes with violence, the efforts of workers to get higher wages; and they were, as men, utterly unlovable. This uncharitable view has lately been challenged by some historians, notably by Allan Nevins, whose large biographies of John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford treat them more nearly as human beings and less like the folk-tale ogres that Gustavus Myers and Ferdinand Lundberg made of them earlier in this century. The classic doctrine that great fortunes are always ill-gotten is losing force, and the image of the Robber Baron is being superseded by that of the Efficient Manager. This has taken some of the romance out of wealth, but in a country without royalty or nobility, the very rich continue to command the public's interest.

IN HIS EXAMINATION of the inheritors of the great fortunes, Mr. Tebbel interprets them in the newer spirit. Rejecting the commonplace view that everyone who has a fortune thrust on him at birth grows up into a poor little rich boy or spoiled brat, he finds that there have been three chief types of inheritors. The first, "The Wasters"—among whom were certain Astors, Dodges, Dukes, and Vanderbilts—acted as literary convention has instructed us to expect. One of them was Horace Dodge, Jr. While courting his fifth wife, he gave an engagement party in Cannes for forty guests, whom he brought by special planes from the chief capitals of Europe, and for whom he provided, among other things, some five thousand dollars' worth of caviar, in a dining room decorated with twenty thousand roses, at a table embellished with a thousand orchids costing fifteen dollars each.

It is wasteful, in the eyes of the ordinary man, to use twenty thousand roses where fifteen thousand

would do; it may even be inelegant; yet whether it is wasteful in the sense of "extravagant" depends not only on the taste of the onlooker but also on the income of the spender. An occasional dinner bill of, say, twenty thousand dollars should be well within the means of a multimillionaire. Henry Ford II, who is supposed to have spent $250,000 one evening last June for the debut of a daughter, shows no sign of staggering under the financial impact. But the sense of "waste" that concerns Mr. Tebbel more is the wasting away of great fortunes, their dispersal into such unremarkable amounts that the owners thereof cannot be called any more than well-to-do. "Waste" in that sense is not necessarily a reflection on the "waster," for it may result from nothing worse than fathering a large family. In any country where primogeniture is not an iron-clad rule, inheritance will usually tend to break wealth into smaller and smaller bits. Estate taxes will speed up this process, as will ordinary business risks. Today a family can perpetuate its fortune only if succeeding generations replenish the principal.

That is what Mr. Tebbel's second class of inheritors, "The Conservators and Expanders," have done. The most remarkable of these have been various duPonts, but many McCormicks, Mellons, Guggenheims, and Morgans also, despite having been born into wealth, have buckled down and minded the shop, and to great effect. At least six of Meyer Guggenheim's sons each made considerably more than the few millions that the father accumulated; Simon alone was supposed to have had $50 million, although he was thought to be the wealthiest. Other families have had long records of this sort—the Rothschilds and the greater Boston Brahmins. The activities of all these Expanders discredits the law said to have been expounded by no less an authority than Andrew Carnegie: "Shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves in three generations."

THE MOST INTERESTING, however, of Mr. Tebbel's groups are the givers—"Lords and Ladies Bountiful," as he calls them. Almost all the millionaires, of whatever variety, in some way deserve this title, for all of them have been more or less generous at times. But Mr. Tebbel reserves the title for those who have devoted themselves to giving—for the specialists, of whom the greatest has been John D. Rockefeller, Jr. During forty years following the First World War, he gave away $450 million; not easily, in a lump sum, but in small parcels for specific purposes. "My father," he said, "created an organization for the making of wealth. I regard it as my responsibility to see that the vast amount of money he accumulated is used for the good of humanity." And he worked more seriously at giving it away than most others work at making it; indeed, he thought these forms of work almost interchangeable. "I have been brought up to believe, and the conviction only grows upon me, that giving ought to be entered into in just the same careful way as investing—that giving *is* investing, and that it should be

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tested by the same intelligent standards."

Others, recognizing the implications of Rockefeller's remarks, called upon paid professions to do the work of giving their fortunes away. The upshot is that there are now some five thousand sizable foundations in the country, with total assets well over $10 billion, engaging large staffs who labor to distribute those private fortunes to the public. In the end, as Mr. Tebbel suggests, the principal heirs of the Great Fortunes have turned out to be the people.

THE FOUNDATIONS do not however represent, as they are commonly thought to, a sort of proper repentance on the part of the donors—as though the owners of wealth ought, in remorse, to return it to the public from whom their ancestors are accused of having filched it. Giving is not, except in the obvious sense, the opposite of getting. No doubt the foundations have done some good, helped to eradicate diseases, educate the poor, and preserve artistic objects. Nevertheless, the Ford Foundation may not be incomparably more beneficial than old Henry Ford was.

Moreover, as Rockefeller so clearly saw, the business of giving can be conducted on much the same principles as the business of getting. The truth of his observation becomes clear if one considers how much the work of foundations is guided by criteria akin to those of industry. Foundations spend much of their proceeds, perhaps most, in support of universities. The universities, with the aid of foundations, are accommodating themselves to the American genius. They are becoming model factories, which turn out two products, graduates and research, and their performance is assessed largely by the volume of output. The foundations, like the universities, would be reluctant to give students or teachers funds without being promised some tangible product in return. It is not unknown for a foundation to give a grant simply so that a man might have some time for contemplation, but it is rare. Foundations are reluctant, as most business firms are, to invest in a man who says from the outset that he may produce no visible product for twenty years, if ever. So it is that as the men who endowed the foundations helped to industrialize American business, the foundations are now helping to industrialize intellectual life. Indeed, we may well be in the midst of the greatest Industrial Revolution of them all.

An Unfair Question

M. L. ROSENTHAL

ADVICE TO A PROPHET AND OTHER POEMS, by Richard Wilbur. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.75.*

IN THE STONEWORKS, by John Ciardi. *Rutgers University Press. $3.50.*

Richard Wilbur and John Ciardi both have the poet's necessary love for the living language, and neither of them overexploits his own personality at the expense of his poems or loses it in a wilderness of echoes and empty effects. Mr. Wilbur is perhaps the most quietly effective poet now writing in America. He may not be quite as accomplished as the Andrew Marvell of "Bermudas," yet when I read him the comparison comes always to mind. That happy poem begins with a line at once unforgettable and so offhand as to be almost invisible—

Where the remote Bermudas ride. . . .

Mr. Wilbur has just the same memorable, unobtrusive spontaneity:

Weeds in their light detachments go. . . .

Again, there is Marvell's wonderful love affair with voluptuous colors and images and with contrasts of light and dark. His God of southern climes is an artist who

. . . hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.

And Mr. Wilbur sees all Hades in a railroad baggage-truck painted blue:

A purple, glowering blue
Like the phosphorus of Lethe
Or Queen Persephone's gaze
In the numb fields of the dark.

"Humility" is one right word for

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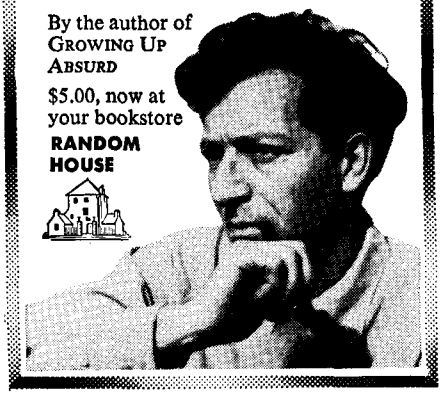

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MORROW

Mr. Wilbur's approach to his own work. It requires artistic humility to sink himself in the lyric tradition as he does. He understands, of course, that he finds his truest music in this way. Moreover, several of his poems speak explicitly for the kind of triumph that can follow upon the humble virtues of restraint, of yieldingness, of the deliberately unheroic. "I shall possess the field," says the submissive milkweed of "Two Voices in a Meadow," and a stone says:

The sill of Heaven would founder,
Did such as I aspire.

So there is an assertion lurking within this humility. It leads me, as this poet's considerable talents themselves do, to expect even more, not only a "Bermudas" but a "To His Coy Mistress" as well. I realize that my occasional dissatisfaction is unjust. To do work as gloriously individual within an old tradition as Marvell does requires something marvelous in the air, such as I do not believe we have at this moment. Or else it requires a poet of enormous power and a suicidal temperament, a Mayakovsky or a Crane. I do not think that Mr. Wilbur has this temperament, nor do I think we have the right to ask our poets to crucify themselves in order to realize their highest artistic potential. But we shall return to this question.

JOHN CIARDI'S poetry is more active than Mr. Wilbur's. He has not God's loveliest gift to poets, the gift of breathing in impressions and letting them gather in silence into a perfect richness. He is a controversialist, a banger-together of arguments, an anecdotalist of sorts, full of memories of his childhood in an Italian immigrant family. He likes to make loud noises, sometimes to impress a political point, sometimes in wryly comic deference to the family life he remembers, sometimes out of sheer exuberance and a purely technical interest in being noisy like Ezra Pound's when he was writing "Sestina: Altaforte." Ciardi's "Launcelot in Hell" is another such poem. No comparable clatter has been heard since Pound gave us Bertrans de Born, that black-hearted warrior-troubadour whom "Dante put in Hell for that he was a stirrer-up of strife," shouting "Damn it all! all this our South stinks peace" and "Hell grant soon we hear again the swords clash!" Here is Ciardi's Launcelot describing the last battle of Arthur's knights:

That noon we banged like tubs in a
blast from Hell's mouth.
Axes donged on casques, and the dead
steamed through their armor,
their wounds frying. Horses screamed
like cats, and men
ran through their own dust like darks
howling. My country
went up in flames to the last rick and
roof, and the smoke
was my own breath in me scorching the
world bare.

If this were all there is to Mr. Ciardi, we could simply set him down as a splendid Master of Fireworks to be trotted out without shame for popular reading tours, television programs about poetry, and other enterprises in which he does, indeed, perform splendidly. We would certainly recommend him as a model for schoolboy poets were he not, in this poem and elsewhere, so "wholesomely frank" about sex; or at least he would provide wonderful texts for the endless discussions about just what degree of realism the young are ready for. And yet the quieter sensitivity that links him at times with Mr. Wilbur is never altogether absent, not even in the passage I have just quoted. It is precisely this felt sensitivity, present but neglected in so many poems that leap about and shout and run as fast as their impatient metric can carry them, that is irritating in his poetry. Sometimes the athleticism is just right:

Once on Saipan at the end of the rains
I came on a flooded tire rut in a field
and found it boiling with a galaxy
of pollywogs. . . .

In this poem, "An Island Galaxy," the energy of the scene is the heart of the observation, and is balanced by the desolation described further on in the poem, when the poet tells of returning ten days later and finding all that life now baked away in the sun:

Twenty upthrust shoreline yards of time
slept in the noon of a finished imagination.

But too often the realizing inward-

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ness is blocked off from its sufficient expression. We feel its presence, wait for it to emerge, and are frustrated. How seldom Mr. Ciardi gets right to it, as he does at the beginning of "The Little One":

The little one
chilled paler and paler
till the smile in her
wisped off
like breath in a frost.

Apart from these essential considerations of style and speaking personality, the two poets seem to me curiously related in the public or cultural "significance" (hateful word!) of their writing. Where many of our poets are ruthlessly at odds with the whole prevailing order of our society, and even with the view of life of a "normal" and "balanced" personality within it, Mr. Wilbur and Mr. Ciardi have in their separate ways made themselves quite at home in it and have been well rewarded by it. I do not mean that they are Philistines. They are both as liberal as the next poet and as self-questioning and as uneasily concerned about our meanings and directions. But when they turn to the larger issues of our lives, they feel an all-embracing sadness and irony.

You can see this predominant feeling, strikingly, in the title poems of the two books under review. Mr. Wilbur's "Advice to a Prophet" is about the nuclear bomb. It has the strange ambiguity of commitment that most public discussion of this subject has: it insists on the absolute character of this threat to life and civilization without any strong feeling that we can do a great deal about it. The question it raises is, how can the prophet, "mad-eyed from stating the obvious," compel us to realize this enormity? The technical data and the "long numbers that rocket the mind" are too much, says the poet, for the heart to understand. But we do understand "the world's own change," the death of vines in frost, the slipping away of deer and trout; and all our symbols of value—"the rose of our love," for instance, and "the clean horse of our courage"—are out of simple nature. To compel the heart to understand, says the poet to the hypothetical prophet,

Ask us, ask us whether with the worldless rose
Our hearts shall fail us; come demanding
Whether there shall be lofty or long standing
When the bronze annals of the oak-tree close.

This ending will, I think, illustrate the beautiful and classic elegiac character of this remarkable poem. I have seen at least one audience deeply moved by it, some to tears, when Mr. Wilbur read it aloud. It may be compared in its ultimate feeling with Mr. Ciardi's "In the Stoneworks," the culminating poem of the section of his book entitled "Back Home in Pompeii." A preoccupation with the death of civilizations and with the fact that the heart—that is, the sphere of consciousness which involves emotional conviction—must learn to recognize what that death means has produced the most incisive poetry in both these volumes. It may well have dictated Mr. Wilbur's choice of certain poems by Guillén and Quasimodo which he translates exquisitely. But to do him justice, his translations and poems have their joyous moods also. Both poets, in fact, assert the sweetness of our world as we know it, its hidden beauties that blaze into view unexpectedly, and its worth despite the harsh and tragic discipline it imposes on most of us on occasion. Poems like Wilbur's "Stop" and "A Grasshopper" and "Next Door" are brilliantly of this order. Ciardi's "morale" is less dependable. In "A Memory of the Sad Chair," "Faces," and "The Conqueror Speaks," he approaches the irreversible melancholy of an Edwin Muir.

Of course, the rather bitter "set" of Mr. Ciardi's most serious work is not the whole picture of this ebullient poet, who can write with as much joy and wit as can Mr. Wilbur. But I cannot help returning for one last uneasy moment to a question I raised earlier. Why, with so much to go on and such depths of insight, can these poets not strike out for the main chance and take the great risk of "making it new"? I have already admitted the injustice of the question and suggested an answer. Nevertheless, I am not entirely satisfied by either the admission or the conjecture. The question nags on.

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When It All Began

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE GUNS OF AUGUST, by Barbara W. Tuchman. *Macmillan. $6.95.*

"The lamps are going out all over Europe; we shall not see them lit again in our lifetime," said Sir Edward Grey on August 3, 1914, and the crepuscular sadness of his remark has lasted better than many clanging phrases that were intoned later about honor or glory or courage or freedom. The great words and even the great understatements were all used up in the First World War. Yet, no matter how haunting we may find Sir Edward's image, no matter how true it is that 1914 brought the end of an era, and no matter how we are tempted to regret the past, the fact is that the lamps have been lit again and the peoples of the world live better now after two World Wars than they did before. There is no point in debating whether humanity's progress has been made in spite of or because of the terrible events that began in the summer of 1914.

In this terse, brilliant, and absorbing account of a disastrous month that enfolded the cause of further disaster, the author refuses to enter any labyrinthine re-evaluation of responsibilities. The German general staff wanted the war, she contends, and at a chosen time provoked it. This was not done against the will of the German people or the German rulers, for in effect both national ambition and policy had long been delegated to the German military planners. What the Belgians, Russians, French, or British would or could do remained tangential to what was planned, and so did European diplomacy, that of the Germans included.

Of course the German Schlieffen Plan was countered by the plans of other powers: some were highly tentative, particularly that of the British; some lacked any means to be carried out, notably that of the Russians; but one of them, the French Plan 17, was as rigid as the German.

It was these plans that men implemented with valor and sacrifice that August. All of them failed: the French could not break through the German center; von Kluck, whose right wing had been weakened by the withdrawal of forces to meet the Russians in East Prussia, turned left in front of Paris instead of enveloping the city, and the German offensive was halted. Then for four years of trench warfare there were no great plans at all, only tactics, only attrition, only misery, persistence, sacrifice, and death.

But for that one month of August, before horror became routine, leaders and troops on both sides hoped and fought for the decisive victory promised by those who had drawn up the plans. It is these hopes and how men fought for them that Mrs. Tuchman vividly portrays. It was still a war of movement in which the decisions of individual commanders were important, unlike the following years when about all they could do was urge their men to die. And in our memory of that war the names that have paled the least are still those of the men of August: the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Moltke and von Kluck, King Albert, Joffre, Foch, the unhappy Lanrezac, Gallieni, even Sir John French, even Kitchener, even the Russian Grand Duke.

Mrs. Tuchman carefully documents and measures the conscience, intelligence, and energy of these men. But she looks beyond the drama of the commanding officers and their troops to contemplate, with great clarity and restraint, the unimaginative use of violence which engenders only more violence, the impossibility of escaping from that horror once the gears are meshed. Her subject then is the tragedy of modern warfare.

The Germans had to be stopped—there can be no argument about it—and in that August the French, the Belgians, the Russians, and the British stopped them. Mrs. Tuchman describes the automation of war in all objectivity; she avoids drawing too easy a moral. She does not point out that now, in a fateful reprise, maps in all the capitals are marked up once again with lines and arrows and little flags: once again the general staffs have their plans.

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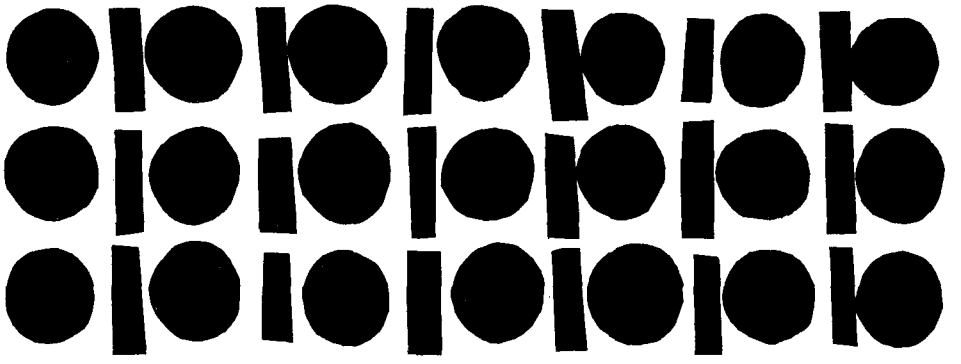

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SPANISH IS DANDY
BUT
QUECHUA IS QUICKER

Ordinarily our Berlitz reports are accompanied by a cleverly conceived bit of cartoonery which prominently features an owlish, bespectacled, mortarboarded little chap, recognizable to the cognoscenti as: "The Man From Berlitz." In the above illustration "TMFB" is nowhere to be seen. We feel that an explanation is necessary.

There came to Berlitz in Boston one day, a Professor of Archeology, a practical man who knew where to find a practical solution to his language problem. He was about to leave for the Andean Plateau of Peru and felt that a working knowledge of Spanish would be helpful in dealing with the local citizenry. Berlitz pointed out that Spanish was the language spoken to tourists, llama buyers and archeologists. But, the language the Indians spoke among themselves was *Quechua* (KEH-chwah). The Professor was further assured that Berlitz could teach him to speak Quechua in the short time before his departure.

Our action now shifts to Peru. The Professor, as you can see from the above, is permitting himself a brief moment of un-professorial exuberance. He has just made a rare archeological discovery. How did it come about? . . . Earlier today he gathered his crew together and said to them the Quechuan equivalent of, "Any of you guys know any ruins around here that nobody's ever been to before?" The next thing he knew, the Professor was taken to the kind of ruins that most archeologists only see in their dreams. "This is fantastic!" the Professor exclaimed, "How come you never took anyone else here?" The Indians' reply was enough to gladden the heart of "The Man From Berlitz", all the way back in the United States (which is why he isn't in the picture). "Boss", the head Indian said, "nobody ever bothered to speak to us in our own language before."

The Professor later told Berlitz that these Indians were a proud people who were delighted to meet someone courteous and interested enough to speak to them in their native tongue. They showed their delight by guiding him to his archeological gold mine.

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Adieux de Napoléon à La Garde Impériale à Fontainebleau. Détail de la peinture par E.J.H.Vernet.

Napoleon bids farewell to his Imperial Guard at Fontainebleau, April 20, 1814, shortly before abdicating. General Petit, Commandant, embraces him.

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